Barker bt. at Auct. for 1

North 3d Sale

-1-

"This Gentleman, was, we believe, of Exeter College in Oxford, & took his degree of M.A. Nov. 2 1729. We are entirely unacquainted with any further particulars concerning him, except that he wrote "The Virgin Queen". Tr. 8vo 1729

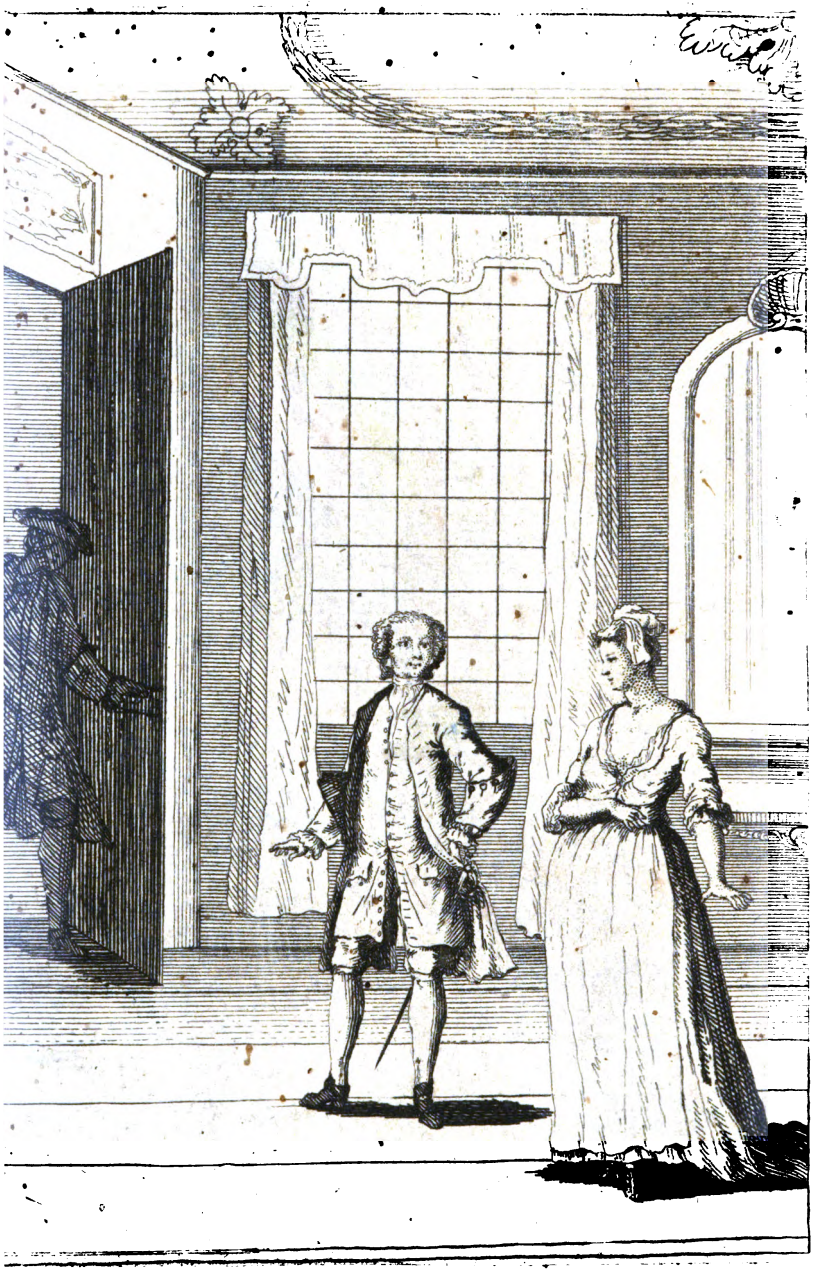
To this tragedy the Pope alludes in his Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot. ver. 55

Bless me! a packet — 'tis a stranger sues
A Virgin Tragedy, an orphan Muse.

Sir Walter Pope.

Jonathan Bigg. Brown.

"There is an Sent ed. of this piece, dated 1720



THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

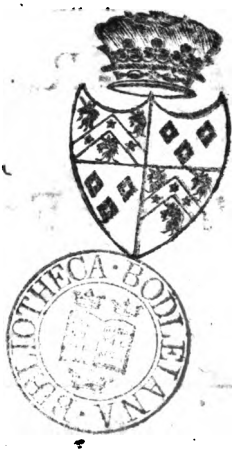
By Mr. RICHARD BARFORD.

De Tragœdia quid attinet dicere? Quæ ad Theatra Populorum bono admissa est, ut funesta Regum, Dynastarumque cæde proposita, non modo Principibus, ac rerum Dominis aurem vellat eosque fortunæ memores faciat, sed in omnibus turbidos animi motus componat ac purget, atque aureæ demum mediocritati restituat. Strad. Prol. Poet.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincolns-Inn Fields.*

M DCC XXIX. [*Price* 1 *s.* 6 *d.*]



To the Right Honourable

M A R Y,

Countess of Pembroke.

MADAM,

AS the Distresses of Tragedy are chiefly affecting to Persons of the noblest Natures, and the most refin'd Taste, I know not to

a whom

whom I can dedicate *This* more properly than to your Ladyſhip: The ſame Perfections, Madam, which diſtinguiſh You in ſo bright a Court under the Favour of the beſt of Queens, and with which You ſweeten the Life of one of the Greateſt Men of the Age, have directed me in the Choice of a Patroneſs. The Name of a Counteſs of *Pembroke* has in all Times, down from *Chaucer*'s Days, been remarkable for the Encouragement of the politer Arts, *Poetry* in particular: How happy then am I in having One to give a Sanction to me, who for the chear-

chearful Practice of the whole Train of Virtues, and a peculiar Greatness of Soul, is no ways inferior to the most Eminent who have held that Title.

I am,

With the greatest Respect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most Oblig'd,

and most Humble Servant,

Richard Barford

PROLOGUE.

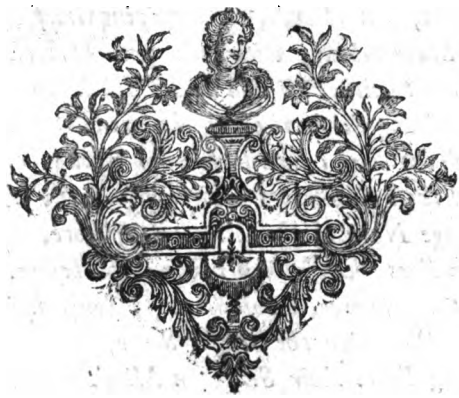
Spoken by Mr. *WALKER.*

WHilst to Mankind the op'ning Scenes disclose
The Brave, and Good, encompass'd round with Woes;
When Looks, and Words, the gath'ring Grief express,
And the Stage labours with some deep Distress,
Well-wrought with Fire and Toil: Each virtuous Heart
With answ'ring Sorrows owns the wont'rous Art,
With gen'rous Pity echoes Groan for Groan,
Mov'd by those Suff'rings which may prove its own.
Ev'n savage Natures the soft Grief deplore,
And those Eyes weep which never wept before.
Some, yet more fierce, those haughty Souls disdain
To sink in Pity *o'er the tender Scene,*
Feel rushing Fears their Stubborn Minds engage,
And pale with Terror *tremble round the Stage.*
But here, ye Britons, *where the gen'rous Mind,*
With kind Compassion soften'd and refin'd,
Feels milder Passions, those severer Arts
We leave, to Climes that bear more barb'rous Hearts.
Lo! to your View, a mournful Sight appears;
A suff'ring Queen, Majestic in her Tears!
Attend her Woes, behold with pitying Eyes
Her great Soul lab'ring as her Sorrows rise.

Yet

PROLOGUE.

Yet other Motives your Attention claim;
A ſofter Anguiſh! and a gentler Flame!
See! as the virtuous Hero ſtands diſtreſt,
How Love and Glory ſtruggle in his Breaſt!
To join his Woes be ev'ry Heart inclin'd:
For Pity ever ſpeaks a Noble Mind.



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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

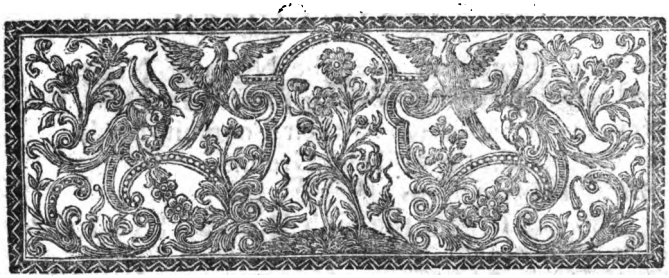
Pallantus, a Prince, next Heir to the Crown; in Love with *Artesia*.	Mr. *Ryan*.
Axartes, of noble Birth; a Conspirator in the Prince's Interest.	Mr. *Quin*.
Eumenes, of the Royal Blood: A Conspirator.	Mr. *Milword*.
Phraortes, } Ministers of State.	Mr. *Boheme*.
Mirza, } Ministers of State.	Mr. *Chapman*.
Arsamnes, Son to *Phraortes*, in love with *Artesia*; a Conspirator.	Mr. *Walker*.

WOMEN.

Olympia, the Queen.	Mrs. *Buchanan*.
Artesia, a Captive Princess.	Mrs. *Younger*.
Euryone, Wife to *Axartes*.	Mrs. *Templer*.

Priests of the Sun, Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Conspirators, *&c.*

SCENE a Room of State in the Royal Palace of *Susa*.



THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHRAORTES. MIRZA.

PHRAORTES.

NOW, *Mirza*, now the fatal Hour draws near,
When all our Pomp ſhall fade, And thou, O *Perſia*,
Who like a ſturdy Veſſel long haſt rode
On the proud Waves, that rag'd and ſwell'd in vain,
Sink'ſt in the Storms at length. Elſe why theſe Omens,
And dreadful Prodigies? Did not the Sun
Withdraw his Glory in his mid-carreer,
While ſudden Darkneſs ruſh'd upon the Day?

The Stars shone out, as at the Noon of Night,
The savage Beasts ran roaring from their Dens,
Rivers roll'd backward to their Fountain-head,
And Earthquakes rock'd the Ground.

Mir. 'Tis wondrous all!
But who can thwart the high Decrees of Heaven?
What Man can do, *Phraarties*, we have done,
To guard our Empire, and support her Glories;
While frequent Factions gathering round the Throne,
Shook our declining State, and sought the Life
Of our unhappy Queen.

Phra. Oh, 'tis from thence,
From her Afflictions, all these Tumults rise.
Whilst bright *Olympia*, with her royal Presence
Guided our Counsels, and inspir'd our Armies,
Fame echo'd forth our Praise, and winged Conquest
Flew like an Eagle stooping from above,
And bore our Rage like Thunder on the Foe.
But now, reverse of Fate! our Tyde of Glory
Rolls back, to flow no more; and leaves our Empire
Barren of Conquest. O my approv'd Friend!
Is it not strange that Love should thus deface
This Queen, so late the Terror of the World;
And make such Havock in a Soul so great?
What have we now to do? How shall we rouze her,
From this deep Lethargy of sleeping Honour!

Mir. Vain is the Thought. She sickens even to Death;
Her Strength grows languid, and her Beauty fades;
Grief, like a Canker, works into the Heart
Of the fair Tree, just with'ring in the Bloom.
Was ever Love in such Excess before!
How her fond Tongue still dwells upon the Name
Of her lov'd Prince! With what ecstatic Joy
Does she recount the Actions of his Youth!
His Air, his Person, his undaunted Courage!
Then with what Imprecations on herself,
Does she upbraid the Stars, and curse her Folly,

For

For loving him, who, cold to all her Vows,
Flies from her Arms, and hears her with Disdain!

Phra. I've often wonder'd that a Love so great,
Work'd even to Frenzy in her raging Bosom,
Could bear thus tamely her neglected Fires,
And her scorn'd Beauty: For a Captive scorn'd!
Whose soft dejected Charms, and gentler Soul,
Claim all *Pallantus'* Heart; while great *Olympia*,
Girt round with Glory, 'midst the Pride of State,
Neglected grieves to Death.

Mir. The royal Youth
Melts at her Woes; and dreads some mighty Ill;
And oft his mournful Father's injur'd Shade
Appears, and bids him fly these guilty Walls;
Which still the Queen opposes.

Phra. Yet she oft
Looks back with Horror on that fatal Night,
The dreadful Murther, and the guiltless Blood
Shed by her Father's Crimes; and deems her Woes
The Product of his Guilt. Our Care must be,
Amidst these Tumults, to preserve the Union
Betwixt the Prince and her. The factious People
Have long been weary of this female Reign,
And wish to lift the Prince, their worship'd Idol,
To his Fore-father's Throne.

Enter Eumenes, Arsames.

Arsam. Long live *Olympia!*
Give her, ye Heavens! uninterrupted Joy,
Glory and Conquest, and assert her Reign.

Phra. Why, that is like the Son of old *Phraortes*,
In Blood and Loyalty alike my Son.

Arsam. And oh may Triumphs, such as this, still rise
To fill the crowded Year!

Phra. What means my Son?

Arsam. That our brave Armies have with prosperous War
Reduc'd revolted *Lydia*, and again

Taught her proud Neck to bow beneath our Yoke.
This grateful News the Queen has now receiv'd.

Mir. Thanks to the bounteous Heav'ns! Then were those Omens
Fatal to them, not us. Again our Genius
Wakes from his Trance, and lifts his sacred Head.
If the least Spark of Glory or Ambition
Burn in *Olympia*'s Breast, this friendly Gale
Shall kindle all her Soul. Let us, my Lord,
Improve th' Occasion.

Phra. Something I'd impart
First to my Son; that done, I'll follow you.

[*Exit* Mir.

Eum. Your Brow, my Lord, is still impreſt with Care,
Your Heart yet labours, as some secret Grief
Possess'd your Thoughts.

Phra. My Country, and my Queen,
Claim all my Cares. In spite of this Success,
Now, even now, the secret Hand of Fate
Strikes at the Throne, and shakes our lofty Empire.
Ha, do you start, my Lords! Yet hear me on.
For every Word I say to Truth is sacred.
Last Night, as I lay pensive on my Bed,
When round me all were sunk in soft Repose,
And profound Silence brooded on the Earth
Sudden arose before my wonding Eyes
Seleucus' mournful Ghost.

Arsam. What he, the Father
Of the young Prince! By his proud Brother slain?

Phra. He stood before me, aweful, great, majestic,
As when he liv'd. Upon his royal Neck
He bore his Mortal Wound, that seem'd to pour
A crimson Stream: He feebly rais'd his Arm,
And pointing to the Wound, See here! he cry'd,
The barbarous Effects of jealous Power.
A Brother's cursed Rage! then burst a Groan
That shook his airy Form; and thus, he said,

My

My Son ſhall be before two Dawns appear;
If the kind Heavens reverſe not their Decree.
With him the *Perſian* Empire ſhall decay,
With civil Diſcord torn. And thy lov'd Son
Dies in his Death. Alas, bid him take heed
He ſaid, then groan'd again, and mix'd with Air.

Arſam. Me? my Lord, Me? What——

Phra. Amaz'd, confounded
At the dire Scene I lay. A thouſand Fears
Struck to my Heart, and aw'd my troubled Soul.
At length, when Slumber clos'd my weary Eyes,
My buſy Fancy figur'd to my View
The late ſad Object of my waking Sight.
Methought I ſaw thee ſtretch'd upon the Ground,
Dreadful to View, all foul with Duſt and Gore.
The mournful Image rouz'd me from my Reſt;
I wak'd, and found my Face all wet with Tears,
And a cold Sweat had moiſten'd every Limb.

Eum. My Lord, all this is nothing but th' Effect
Of feveriſh Blood, bad Health, or feeble Age.
Hence all theſe Figures pictur'd on the Brain;
Hence vain Chimæras, and a thouſand Monſters
Hourly ariſe, that Nature ne'er produc'd,
To terrify the World.

Phra. My Lord *Eumenes*,
Whate'er the Cauſe may be, my Fears are real.
All can't be well. 'Tis beſt we guard ourſelves:
And ſure your near Alliance to the Throne
Shall prompt you to ſupport its falling Glories.
The Heavens, oft-times, in Pity to Mankind,
Hang out their Signs that bode ſome threatning Evil:
That our nice Conduct, and oppoſing Virtues
May ſhun the Stroke, or break the heavy Blow.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Lord *Mirza*, Sir, expects you.

Phra. I attend him. [*Exit.*

Eum. Now, by th' Infernal Gods, by yon bright Orb

Whose Light we all adore, by all the Powers
That kindle Generous Warmth, and prompt the Soul
To noble Action, whence this shew of Horror?
Where's all your boasted Resolution fled,
That a meer Dream can thus untune your Soul?

Arsam. O yet desist, lead me no farther on:
Let us retreat while yet the Fates permit.
The boiling Billows, and the black Abyss
Roll just before me. Death, the dreadful Image
Still glares before my Eyes; can I persist?

Eum. Great is the Prize for which we are embark'd,
Empire and Love attend on our Success.
And who'd not venture for so fair a Prospect?
Shew me the Cave, where grinning Death resides,
Lur'd by such Hopes, e'en thither would I rush,
Nor fear him 'midst the Terrors of his Pomp.

Arsam. Not fear him! Ha, then you have never thought
What 'tis to dye! Is't not a dreadful Thing!
Enough to melt the most obdurate Heart,
To think that this fair Frame, these Eyes, these Cheeks,
These Lips, this solid Flesh that cloaths these Bones,
And e'en these Bones, shall be resolv'd to Dust:
That our pale Coarse entomb'd beneath the Ground
Shall feed vile Worms, and undistinguish'd lye
'Midst Rottenness, green Sculls, and Bones, the Reliques
Of such as we are now.
Whilst our sad Spirits silently retire
To unknown Places, or to ride the Winds
That tempest wide the Air, or floating lye
On fiery Whirlpools. Think, ah think on this.

Eum. Curse on the Boy! If he start back he dies.
Dies by this Arm. [*Aside.*

Arsam. O drop our Enterprize,
Nor dare the Heavens, nor trifle with our Fates,
To plunge thus rashly in a Sea of Blood.

Eum. Your tim'rous Apprehensions set before you
A thousand fancy'd Ills,

Arsam.

Arsam. Ah, rather say
Your over-daring Spirit, ever apt
To urge you forward in the Chace of Glory,
Fierce, unrestrain'd, impells you to your Ruin.
Eum. Will you then bear to see the haughty Prince
Clasp'd in the Arms of your dear lovely Maid?
Can you behold her lavish fond Embraces
On the proud Youth, who all dissolv'd in Joy
Triumphs, whilst you ——
Arsam. O spare the fatal Subject!
Can I bear it! Let me not think; one Word,
One Thought of that, like an impetuous Whirlwind,
Will hurl deliberate Reason from her Seat,
And fire my Soul again.
Eum. Yet thus, even thus
Must you behold 'em. Nay, perhaps e'en now,
Spite of the Queen, the sacred Knot is ty'd,
And now, perhaps, *Pallantus* high in Thought
Flys to her Arms.
Arsam. Curse on his haughty Pride!
A thousand madding Passions fire my Breast:
He dies, by Hell he dies! *Artesia*, O ——
Is she not more than Fancy can imagine?
So strangely beauteous, so divinely fair!
Made in the Prodigality of Nature
To shew the Strength of her creating Power!
Lead me where-e'er you will: The Palace-Guards
Are ripe for Faction; let me give the Word,
The various Dungeons pour their thousands forth.
Eum. Again my valiant Friend! Another Soul
Informs your Body.
Arsam. And before the Sun
Has twice renew'd his Course, we lift you up
To your Fore-father's Throne, which partial Fortune
Has wrongly given away: The Queen, the Prince
Shall perish all ——
Eum. Lo, *Axartes* sees us.
You know the native Fierceness of his Temper,

Impatient of Restraint: He owns with Justice
He hates *Olympia*'s Reign, but loves the Prince;
So mention nought of our Design on him.
His downright Virtue and heroic Actions,
That join'd all *Syria* to the *Persian* Empire,
Have fix'd him in the Graces of the Army;
Many of whom, with him, attend our Cause.
But since the Love that he avows the Prince
Thwarts our Designs, soon as the Cloud of Faction
Bursts on the Court, this Arm amidst the Tumult
Shall lay him in the Dust, and ease our Fears.

Enter Axartes.

Well, what Success, *Axartes?*
Axar. All goes well.
I've sow'd Sedition thick among my Troops;
They are entirely ours; with Transport all
Embrace our Cause, and murmur out Rebellion.
Eum. Appoint we then the Hour, the fatal Hour
To give a loose to War.
Axar. And lo, kind Fortune
Points out the Time propitious to our Hopes.
The Queen, in Token of the Victory,
Ordains a general Feast; the giddy People
Indulge their Souls, with Wine they drown their Cares,
And riot in Excess of Luxury.
Thro' the whole Empire the Debauch extends,
Melodious Music sounds along the Air,
And cheers the gladden'd Heart. Women and Men
Effeminately soft, along the Streets
Thick strew'd with Flowers, and sweeten'd with Perfumes,
Move in the gentle Dance. Whatever *Susa*
In all her Pomp of Luxury has seen
This Day discloses. Nay, the Queen herself
Graces the public Banquet in the Palace.
What hinders then, but that with Fate to Friend,
Furious we rush on the unthinking Train,

While

While loſt in Riot, and diſſolv'd in Joy,
They chaſe the Goblet round the ſprightly Board,
Or at the Voice of Muſic melt away?

Arſam. 'Till then let all be calm and ſtill as Death;
Each ſeal his Lips; let not the Prince himſelf,
Not even *Pallantus*, know our great Deſigns.
'Till, the Queen ſlain, we lift him to the Throne
Of his great Anceſtors. You know his Temper,
Brave, undeſigning, by the ſtricteſt Rules
Of Honour ſway'd; perhaps, his nicer Virtue
Might ſcorn the proffer'd Throne, and break our Schemes.

Axar. And now my Lords, let each of us repair,
To his appointed Stand. There in our Troops
Keep up the Fire we've kindl'd. 'Till kind Fate
Ripens our Councils with their great Succeſs.

[*Exeunt* Arſam. Eum. Axartes *going off differently* Euryone *meets him.*

Eury. O my dear Lord!

Axar. My Wife! in Tears!
Why am I thus purſu'd with thy Complaints?
Wretch that I am! O fooliſh doating Husband!
Give me the Secret of my Soul again,
Which thy fond Arts extorted from my Boſom,
When in thy Arms laſt Night. O give it back.

Eury. Yet, yet deſiſt from this moſt dreadful Purpoſe.
Alas, my Breaſt has known no Quiet ſince.
O be not thus ſevere, but let theſe Tears
Melt your hard Heart. Ah, ſhouldſt thou fall, *Axartes!*

Axar. No more, I charge thee not a word of that.
I'm fix'd as Fate itſelf. Reſtrain thy Tears,
I muſt not ſee thee weep. *Euryone*,
Forbear this fruitleſs Grief, look up and tell me;
Have I not us'd thee ſtill with Tenderneſs?
Have I not often, gazing on thy Beauties,
Told thee that all the Joys on Earth were vile,
Compar'd with thee!

Eury. You have. But now, *Axartes* ——

Axar.

Axar. Yet think not that the Beauties of thy Form
Shall charm away Revenge, if e'er thou dareſt
To breathe the ſlighteſt Word of our Deſigns.
Thou know'ſt this Dagger, and may'ſt too remember
On what Conditions we this Morning parted. [*Exit*.

Eury. Could I have ever thought to have been ſo wretched!
O ſtay, yet hear me!—Pierce this wretched Heart,
Since 'tis diſtruſted thus.

Enter Arteſia.

Arte. The appointed Hour
Is paſt, he's yet not here. *Euryone!*

Eury. *Arteſia* here! She muſt not ſee my Tears.
[*Aſide*.

Arte. Saw'ſt thou the Prince *Pallantus*?

Eury. I beheld him
Juſt as I left the Temple fix'd in Grief,
Faſt by his Father's Monument.

Arte. Alas!
What ſecret Grief lies buried at his Heart?
Will his deep Sorrows never ceaſe to flow?
Oft in the glowing Ardour of his Love,
As he has held me in his eager Arms,
I've ſeen a ſudden Sorrow damp his Joy,
Deep-muſing has he ſtood, while ſtarting Tears
Broke from his gloomy Eyes; In vain I've ask'd
The fatal Cauſe, ſtill deaf to my Requeſt,
He anſwers me with Groans.

Eury. Is it not Cauſe,
To be debarr'd from all his Soul holds dear?
His Love oppos'd by the Queen's royal Power?
But there's a Cauſe more dreadful yet behind,
Whence his big Sorrows riſe, that may involve
Me too in endleſs Woes.

Arte. As how, *Euryone?*

Eury. *Olympia*'s Father, our late Emperor,
Was Brother to *Seleucus*, him, from whom

The

The Prince derives his Birth, for whom his Grief
For ever swells. Adorn'd with every Grace,
He liv'd the Idol of th' adoring People.
But see, what monstrous Fears, what strange Suspicions
Infold the Wreath that binds the Brow of Power!
The Tyrant King with Jealousy beheld
His Brother's Honours, and began to fear
His growing Power might shake him from his Throne.
Thus, by Suspicion stung, one Night, alas!
A fatal Night, he sent a Band of Ruffians
To take his Life; who bursting thro' the Palace,
His manly Bosom gor'd with many a Wound,
As all defenceless in his Bed he lay,
By his lov'd Wife; whom, as she trembling rais'd
Her Hands, imploring Pity for her Lord,
The Villains murther'd too.

Arte. Most horrid Fact!

Eury. Amidst the Tumults of the Night, *Anartes*
Convey'd away the Prince, lest the proud Tyrant
Insatiable of Blood, might slay him too.
In foreign Camps he train'd him up to War,
And at the Altar swore t'avenge those Crimes
On all the Tyrant's Race.

Arte. Could such a Tyrant
E'er be the Father of a Queen, adorn'd
With such transcendent Virtues as *Olympia?*
Could e'er so fair a Rose, so balmy sweet,
Bloom from so rough a Thorn? She is all Goodness;
Even tho' she knows, she cherishes in me
A fatal Rival.

Eury. Ne'er was known before
A Soul so greatly form'd, yet sweeten'd thus
With soft Complacency, and gentlest Manners.
'Tis true, your Beauty like a fatal Star
Has risen malignant to her Love and Peace.
And if *Pallantus* had not vow'd before her
To share your Absence, and attend your Flight,

Ere

Ere now ſhe had reſtor'd you, with all Honours,
To your lov'd Country, and your Father's Arms.

Arte. My Father! O, at that dear honour'd Name,
Why ſtart theſe Tears unbid, and heave theſe Sighs?
So wont with ſoft Delight to charm my Soul!
Ah! leſt he ſink in Bitterneſs of Woe
To Death, or curſe his venerable Age,
Since hoſtile Fury tore me from his Sight,
For, oh, his Life ſeem'd only wrapp'd in mine;
Whole Days together would he gaze upon me;
And ever bleſs me when he heard me talk.
His Prayers to Heav'n were chiefly made for me,
But ah in vain ——

Eury. Behold *Pallantus* comes.
I leave you with him, to atttend the Queen.
Ten tedious Days, as many reſtleſs Nights,
Are paſt ſince ſhe retir'd into her Chamber,
To mourn in Solitude, and feed her Sorrows,
Worn e'en to Death with Grief. But her great Spirit
E'en yet retains its wonted Royalty,
And breaks thro' all her Woes. For when th' Expreſs
Arriv'd of brave *Tigranes'* Victory,
She ſtrait aroſe, cold as the weeping Morn,
From Ocean's wat'ry Bed, ordain'd a Feaſt,
And with a Shew of ill-affected Joy
Strives to conceal the Anguiſh of her Heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Pallantus.

Pallan. Arteſia, O thou Source of all my Joys,
Pride of my Life, and End of all my Wiſhes!
O that my Arms could ſtill enfold thee thus!
Thus would I ever dwell, and gazing on thee
Forget the Sorrows that divide my Heart.
But ah, theſe princely Walls, and Rooms of State,
Yet red with Royal Guilt, fill all my Thoughts
With Scenes of Horror. Try with thy dear Voice
To charm my Soul to Peace. I've only thee

To

To cheer me now; and even from thee the Queen
Would cut me off.

Arte. Ah my *Pallantus*, think,
Think whence is that; ſhe dies upon your Name.
Love quite diſtracts her Heart, and all my Joys
Even in your Arms are faint and unſincere,
While thus *Olympia* languiſhes to Death.
O that our kinder Stars had bleſt our Days
With narrower Fortunes, and an humbler Life,
In ſome far Country, where 'mid ſylvan Scenes,
Free, undiſturb'd, in Innocence and Eaſe
We might have liv'd, and all our Life been Love.

Pallan. We may be happy yet. Heav'n ſeems to ſmile
On our chaſte Loves. Occaſion, Time, and Place
Conſpire to favour us, th' appointed Prieſt
Attends.

Arte. But then *Olympia* ———

Pallan. O forbear,
Forbear to aggravate my preſſing Ills.
Heav'n knows how deep her Sorrows wound my Heart.
But had thy Beauties never charm'd my Soul,
And my fond Heart could anſwer all her Love,
Ne'er might I take her to my wretched Arms;
Or could I dare, my Father's angry Ghoſt
Sure would ariſe, and ruſh between our Loves,
And damp our glowing Joys: Haſte then, *Arteſia.*

Arte. O never, never! Urge not my Conſent.
Shall I thus recompence *Olympia*'s Favours?
Yet, yet reſign me.

Pallan. Heav'n, is this *Arteſia?*
Behold her boaſted Love, her Vows all broken!
O be not thus unkind! If thou art chang'd,
I have no Comfort left me upon Earth.
Thou art the only Hold that now remains
To bear me up amidſt a Sea of Troubles.
O do not plunge me, leſt the gathering Waves
Swell o'er my Head, and I be loſt for ever.

Alas,

Alas, what say I? Why could'st thou deceive me
With a feign'd Passion? For thou never lov'd'st.
Else could'st thou beg me to resign thee thus,
To meet *Olympia*'s Love?

Arte. Oh do not wrong me!
I could not bear to see thee in her Arms.
But since our Fates severely have deny'd me
To crown thy Passion, yield to give me back
To the Embraces of my royal Father,
Whilst thou in fighting Fields, in fatal Pomp,
May'st court fair Honour on the dusty Plain:
There, mid'st the Warriors Shouts, and Clank of Arms,
When the Fight thickens, and the Battel bleeds,
Lose every softer Passion, and forget
That e'er this hapless Form could charm your Soul.

Pallan. Come then, ye Powers that rule the dusty Field,
Drive out this Love, this Bane of my Renown.
Fire my big Heart, and tune my Soul to Arms.
Give me to bend the Bow, to wield the Spear,
To grasp the Shield, to pour upon the Foe,
To bind the Coursers to the rattling Car,
To plunge thro' glorious Dangers, and engage
Where the Fight rages, and the Bravest fall.

Arte. With how much Joy you paint the dreadful Scene!
Alas, my Prince, already I'm forgotten!

Pallan. Then with what Transports shall my Bosom burn,
When the glad Armies with repeated Shouts
Advance my Fame, and Hail my conquering Arm:
'Till great in Glory, joyful I ascend
The Throne of *Persia*, and controul the World.

Arte. And must *Artesia* be so soon driv'n out
From all your Thoughts? Am I so soon forgotten?
But go; let me not sully your Renown,
Or bar your Way to Glory! 'Tis enough
For me, alas, the few short Hours I live,

To

To pray the Gods to guard you from those Dangers;
To turn the Javelins from your sacred Life,
Then sink in Silence, and no more disturb you.

Pallan. Soul of my Joys, dear Idol of my Heart,
Talk not of that. Oh what is Fame and Empire
Compar'd with thee? Meer Toys, beneath my Care!
O I could hold thee ever to my Breast,
Days, Months and Years should pass unheeded by,
Time, that oft palls the Appetite of Love,
Shall add fresh Transport to my growing Passion,
And every Hour be happier than the past.
Why heaves thy Bosom? ah, why flow thy Tears?
Loveliest of Women, think not what I said
Abating Passion, or expiring Love;
'Twas all a Lover's tender Artifice,
To bring thy matchless Virtue to the Test.

Arte. Was then *Artesia*'s Love to be suspected?
A Love so pure, so chaste, so true as mine!
Did not my Bosom feed a brighter Flame
Than ever glow'd within a Virgin's Breast,
Could I so soon forget the fatal Havock
Your Sword has made among my dear Relations?
Could I thus stand and listen to your Talk,
Whilst my unhappy Father mourns to Death
His Daughter's fatal Bondage?

Pallan. Cease, *Artesia*,
These soft Reproaches. Were I thus to search
The Sorrows of my Heart, soon should I find
Thousands, if possible, to damp my Love.
I've long been gall'd with most severe Afflictions,
But thee the Heavens have given me in return
For all my Sorrows past: And here I take thee
To my glad Arms, the Pledge of every Joy.

In thy dear Sight my Woes shall all decay,
And Life itself be one fair bridal Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Martial Music. A Throne.

Enter Priests of the Sun, with a Choir of Youths. They Sing.

1 Pr. IMMORTAL *Sun, who shin'st sublime,*
Bright Mithras, *turn thy radiant Eye*
Into the dark Abyss of Time,
Where Hours, and Years, and Ages lye.

2 Pr. *Thence bid the happiest Seasons rise,*
The Foes of Persia *to controul,*
Whilst charg'd with Triumphs, thro' the Skies
Our Years in whiter Circles roll.

Both. *So shall our youthful Choirs advance,*
Inspir'd by thee with new Delight,
And as they tread the mystic Dance,
Hail Thee the Source of Heat and Light.

Choir of Youths. *So shall our youthful Choirs* &c.

Enter Guards, then Euryone, Olympia, *&c.*

Olym. Here end this Pageantry. Ill sutes this Pomp
The Temper of my Soul.——Dismiss my Train:
[*To an Officer.*
It is not fit they should behold my Heart,
To see how much 'tis in the Power of Grief
To humble Majesty. Thou, *Euryone*, [*Ex. Omnes.*
Alone attend me; thou hast oft been Witness
Of my ill-fated Love, and oft hast wept
To see my Woes.

Eury.

Eury. Ah, Madam, will you ſtill
Indulge your Griefs? Muſt your Tears ever flow?
Will you for ever ſhun the Voice of Joy,
Induſtrious in Diſtreſs, and ſeek Occaſion
To mourn your Sorrows, and perplex your Mind?
Lo, every Breaſt that lately beat with Joy,
Now melts in Grief, an univerſal Groan
Runs thro' the Court, and riſing Sorrow clouds
The Luſtre of the Triumph.

Olym. Talk'ſt thou of Triumph! What have I to do
With ought like that? My Heart, my ev'ry Thought,
Is full of Love, ſo full, there is not room
For any thing beſide: *Pallantus*——ah,
While I but ſpeak his Name, my Heart beats quicker;
And I am all in Flames. Was ever Youth
So fairly form'd? Say, my *Euryone*,
Was ever youthful Heroe half ſo fair,
So brave, ſo bold, ſo lovely as *Pallantus?*

Eury. Strive to forget his Name, to drive him out
Far from your Thoughts. Think how inſenſible
He is to your fond Love, and early Beauty.

Olym. Ha, is he ſo! And do I love him ſtill?
Cannot my Form, that charm'd the fierceſt Monarchs,
Gain me his ſingle Heart? Have I deſpis'd
The braveſt Heroes of the Earth for this?
Yet I might move him, could I once break thro'
Theſe preſſing Griefs: Sickneſs has quite decay'd
My waſting Form; he ne'er has ſeen my Face
But wet with Tears. Alas, my erring Tongue!
Does not *Arteſia* charm him from my Arms?
What can I do? He muſt, he ſhall be mine.
Haſt thou forgot with what a Grace he mov'd,
When from the Wars he conquering came to *Suſa?*
High on a lofty Car he rode along,
In awful Pomp, chain'd Kings and ſcepter'd Slaves
Bound to his Wheels, in ſullen Majeſty
Indignant ſtalk'd, and curs'd their baffled Gods.
But the glad Crouds that wond'ring preſs'd around,

Neglected the proud Shew to gaze at him,
And with loud Shouts all hail'd him as he paſs'd.
But when he told his Conqueſts o'er to me,
Heav'ns, how he look'd! with what an Eaſe he talk'd!
I beg'd him oft repeat the pleaſing Tale,
Fix'd on his Charms, and as he ſpoke I felt
A ſecret Joy I ne'er had known before.

Eury. How is your Tongue tranſported with the Theme!

Olym. Low at my Feet he laid his glorious Spoils.
His various Captives mov'd before my View.
But when *Arteſia* paſs'd, her Fatal Beauty
With a dejected Grace ſoon caught his Eyes;
He look'd, and bluſh'd, and told me o'er her Tale;
But, oh, with a Concern that ſpoke his Love
Too deeply fix'd. From that unhappy Moment,
I felt a thouſand Jealouſies. Alas!
Why did he come to rob me of my Quiet?
Ah why not, rather, in th' embattl'd Field
Purſue his Conqueſts? to the *Perſian* Empire
Joyn the reluctant World, and fight my Battles?
How am I fall'n, ſince I beheld him firſt!
What Queen was e'er ſo great, ſo bleſt, as I!
My Name the World's remoteſt Nations honour'd,
And Earth's proud Tyrants trembled at my Voice.
My happy People throng'd to gaze upon me,
And bleſt me as they gaz'd. Whene'er I ſpoke,
Silence attentive ſtood; and when I ſmil'd,
Diffuſive Pleaſures gladden'd every Heart.
Whene'er I went to Reſt, ev'n Queens were proud
To watch my Slumbers, as if Power and Glory
Had been my Eſſence. But, amazing Change!
The Storms of Fate have ruffled all the Scene,
And diſcompos'd the Current of my Joy.

Enter Phraortes.

Phra. O Queen, for ever live! Pardon the Zeal
That urges me thus far. May Heav'n protect you.
Give

Give you long, long Reign, and mark each Day
With Triumphs such as this. But oh forbear
This Grief, and grace our Pomp.
Olym. No. I have nought to do with Pomps of Triumphs.
The flame of Glory that once fir'd my Heart,
Is quite extinct, and I'm no more a Queen.
Phra. Why will you wound your Soul with Talk like this!
Do you not yet adorn the Throne of *Persia?*
Does not the World bow down before your Face?
Olym. Think'st thou the Homage of th' adoring Crowd,
Unbounded Empire, and the Pride of State
Can make a Queen? Meer Ornaments, alas!
No, 'tis the glorious Energy divine
Of the aspiring Soul, that bids it burn
For generous Deeds, and warms its Faculties;
This makes a Queen. How am I chang'd, *Phraortes!*
Phra. Again that Energy shall fire your Breast,
The flame of Glory that once warm'd your Heart
Shall shine again, and burn as bright as ever.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Madam, the Prince *Pallantus* waits without,
Enquiring for your Health.
Olym. Euryone,
Said he the Prince? Surely my Griefs at length
Have work'd the royal Youth to pity me.
Eury. What Answer send you? Must he be admitted?
Olym. Conduct him in, *Phraortes.* Now instruct me.
What shall I say? O how shall I address him?
He comes, he's here! Ah hide me, save my Blushes,
My Heart beats stronger, my tumultuous Blood
Burns in my Face, and my distracted Brain
Is stun'd with Transport.

Enter Pallantus *and* Phraortes.

Phra. How tempestuous Love [*To* Pallantus.
Blots the fair Face of that bright Heaven of Beauty:
Where, like destructive Winds, loud Sighs are heard,
And Tears descend in never-ceasing Showers.

Olym. 'Tis kind, *Pallantus*, thus to search me out,
To mourn my Pains, and comfort my Distress.

Pallan. Oh could my Mourning comfort your Distress,
Here would I stand and weep in Anguish o'er you,
'Till e'en my Eyes dissolv'd, and flow'd to Tears.
But since the utmost that *Pallantus* can
Is barren Grief, and unavailing Tears,
Let me fly hence from these polluted Walls,
That ev'n yet blush with my dear Parent's Blood.
Swift let me wing me, as their Ghosts command,
Far, far from hence; since, if I not obey,
A Fate like theirs impends me.

Olym. Must those Sounds
For ever grate my Ear? Was it by me
Thy royal Parents fell? Could I prevent
A Father's Guilt? Did I assist the Deed?
No. But I see thy false dissembling Heart.
What's all this Sorrow, but a friendly Veil,
To hide the dull Indifference of thy Soul?
Why dost thou come, with such a feign'd Distress!
O rather curse me; call the dire Disdain
That glows within, to threaten in thy Face.
Tell me this Form, these Cheeks, these languid Eyes,
Just quench'd in Death, are odious to thy Sense:
But yet remember, Prince, I'm still a Queen;
Tho' hated, loath'd, despis'd, I'm still a Queen;
Base, humble Wretch! I see thy dastard Soul;
Thou dar'st not love a Queen. Such high Desires
Sute not thy grov'ling Mind. A Captive Maid,
Born to adorn my Train, can charm thy Heart.
Yes, Prince, 'tis so, a Slave, a Slave's my Rival.

And

And ſhall I bear it! Hence, let me away.
I'll plunge the Dagger deep into her Heart,
Then ſheathe it in my own. Nor think that thou
Shalt live to triumph long. Come with me, Prince,
Come and behold the Object of thy Love
Weltring in Blood, expiring at thy Feet.
Then how ſhall I exult?

Pallan. Ha, what!——and ſtain
The Glories of your Name; freſh Horrors add
To thoſe with which your Tyrant Father damn'd
His guilty Race, and tear the Wound he gave?

Olym. Does it then gall thee? Yet I'll ſtab thee deeper,
I'll give Revenge its Fill, make up th' Account,
For all the Pangs I've born. And when thou ſeeſt her
Cling round my Knees, and with uplifted Eyes
Strive to avoid the Meditated Wound,
Wilt thou not rave? But why do I delay?

Pallan. You will not? Firſt conſider what you do.
Think on the lovely Maid, her tender Beauty,
And dove-like Innocence, and then remember——

Olym. Think'ſt thou to change the Purpoſe of my Soul,
By what can only heighten my Revenge?
Off, tear him off. Had ſhe a thouſand Lives,
I'd ſtab her thro' 'em all.

Pallan. Yet hear me then,
And ſince there's nothing elſe can move your Soul,
Forbear in Reverence to th' immortal Gods
Who've ſeal'd our Vows, and ſanctify'd our Loves:
Forbear, and ſave my Wife.

Olym. Diſtraction! Hell!
Thy Wife! Thou could'ſt not be ſo baſe; could ſhe?
Let me not think, for I ſhall run diſtracted.
Fiends tear you, Lightnings blaſt you; Hell, let Hell
Pour all its Tortures out to rack your Souls
With Pains more fierce than wound my Boſom now.
O help, aſſiſt me! O *Pallantus*, oh! [*Faints.*

Eur. Behold she faints; support and bear her hence
To her Apartment. [*She's borne off.*

Manent Phraor. Pallan.

Phra. How terrible is Passion! how our Reason
Falls down before it! whilst the tortur'd Frame,
Like a Ship dash'd by fierce encountring Tydes,
And of her Pilot spoil'd, drives round and round
The Sport of Wind and Wave.

Pallan. What's to be done?
Heav'n guard *Artesia*'s Life. Till I lov'd her,
My Bosom never knew what 'twas to fear.
But now my Courage melts, and my fix'd Heart,
That could so late have born me dauntless up
Against the Face of Danger, and impell'd me
To dare the *Libyan* Lyon's armed Jaws,
Beats faint, and trembles with a thousand Fears;
As if its Strings were worn from their tough Substance
Fine as a Spider's Threads. Do thou, *Phraortes*,
Attend the Queen to mollify her Rage:
I'll to *Artesia*; and if I am deny'd
The calm Possession of a Prize so fair,
My rigid Fate till Death will I deplore,
Deep-fix'd in Grief, and ne'er know Comfort more.
[*Exit.*

As Phraortes *is going off*, Eumenes *and* Arsamnes *meet him.*

Eum. Whence springs this new Disorder in the Queen?
In every Face, where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
Appear the marks of Horror and Amaze.

Phra. I fear some Planet of a fatal Aspect
Rules in the Sky, and with malignant Beams
Sheds its dire Influence on this dreadful Day,
Busy in our Destruction.

Enter

Enter Mirza *hastily.*

Mir. Heav'n avert
These Portents, and preserve our Empire safe!
Just as I enter'd, the high golden Image
Of our great Empress, in the Palace-square,
From its Foundation shook, and fell to Ground;
And, as I cross'd yon Street, a haughty Youth
With trait'rous Practice stirr'd the Populace
To vile Sedition, and prophan'd the Queen.
With just Resentment warm'd, one that stood by him
Unsheath'd his Sabre in her honest Cause,
And clove the Head of the inglorious Traytor.
Alarm'd, I joyn'd the Crowd, and saw him grin
In the sharp Pangs of Death, whom strait I knew
For young *Barzanes*, the fierce *Libyan* Lord.

Arsam. Barzanes! Ha, I shudder at the Thought! [*To* Eum.

Eum. Nam'd he not his Accomplices, my Lord?

Mir. Quick from the Stroke his Body sunk away,
And his Tongue lost the Faculty of Speech.

Phra. 'Tis not for nought that all these Tumults rise;
The State is in Disorder, and the Sickness
Of our afflicted Queen has mov'd the Minds
Of our proud Foes, for such 'tis said are many
Within the City, on this sad Occasion
To work their fell Designs. *Mirza*, do thou
Double the Palace-Guards. I'll to the Queen,
And try to sooth her Mind. Would she but once
Throw off this Load that presses down her Soul,
All might be well again. [*Exit.*

Eum. What Madness mov'd *Barzanes* furious Soul
To such untimely Rage!

Enter Axartes.

Arsam. You come, opportunely,
To know from what a Danger we've been sav'd.
Alas, the Hand of Ruin was upon us;

Even yet I tremble, like the Wretch who ſtands
Amidſt an Earthquake; when the horrid Gulph,
That open'd wide, has clos'd its dreadful Jaws,
He ſhudders ſtill, and dreads a ſecond Shock.
O raſh *Barzanes!*

Axar. Raſh, unthinking Boy!
I heard him openly revile the Queen;
And all enflam'd with Rage to ſee his Folly,
With my keen Sabre fell'd him to the Ground,
Leſt ſeiz'd he had impeach'd us to the Queen,
And made our glorious Enterprize miſcarry.

Eum. Thanks to the happy Blow. Methinks, my Friends,
Some Power unſeen o'er-watches all our Actions,
And ſtamps 'em with Succeſs. Still Fortune ſmiles;
E'en half the Palace-Guards attend our Will.
Let but *Arſamnes* ſpeak, and the deep Dungeons
And numerous Priſons pour their Thouſands forth,
Who long have groan'd in Chains, all bold and fierce;
They curſe impatiently the ling'ring Hours,
That check their Ardour, and delay their Vengeance.

Axar. By Heav'n, my Heart beats Tranſport at the Thought!
Is't not a Shame, my Lords, that ſuch an Empire
Shou'd bow thus to a Love-ſick Woman's Yoke?
O *Perſia, Perſia!* Lo, to what is ſunk
Thy once great Majeſty! Where are thy Armies,
Thy God-like Heroes, and immortal Squadrons?
I've ſeen the Time, when ſcarce a Day paſs'd by
Unmark'd with Conqueſt. How I've ſeen thy Armies
Pour on the Foe, all fierce, and ſtaunch as Lions,
Wild as *Theſſalian* Bulls, like ruſhing Waters
That deluge all the Plains, deſtructive, dreadful.
But now, O Stain to Glory, Fall of Honour!
Our Heroes languiſh with inglorious Eaſe;
Our Armies ſtarv'd, neglected, ſcarce can bear
An eaſy March, and faint beneath their Arms.
But if by chance they gain a Victory,

'Tis

'Tis chronicl'd a Wonder! and the State
Must bear a Month's Debauch. Immortal Gods!
Why do you suffer our most valiant Men
To pine neglected thus? While Fools and Cowards,
Pandars to Vice, gay, glaring, well-dress'd Coxcombs,
Who dare not face a Foe, suck up like Ivy
The noble Moisture of the Royal Tree,
That withers and decays, 'till scarce the Shade
Of Majesty remains.

Eum. This Night *Olympia*,
With all her Minions, dies.

Arsam. How fair a Scene
Shall then our Eyes behold! But let's be cautious;
Since we've thus far climb'd up th' Ascent of Honour,
Since thro' such Toils we've almost reach'd the Top,
Let each be circumspect; let strictest Judgment
Fore-run each Step. The Queen, from the least Spark
May kindle into Jealousy, and blast
Our flow'ring Hopes. You know her mighty Spirit;
Have you forgot with what heroic Ardour
She rose to curb the City's late Rebellion?
Almost unguarded, how she rush'd away
At the loud Summons? Her Majestic Beauty
Encreas'd and brighten'd by the Tumults round her;
Her daring Spirit, and unshaken Courage,
More wond'rous 'midst such Charms, caught ev'ry Heart;
The Tumults sunk, destructive Uproar ceas'd,
While she serenely shone amid the Calm,
Like the clear Star, that rising o'er the Main
Allays the Winds that toss the foaming Waves,
And charm the stormy Tempest into Peace.

Enter Phraortes.

Phra. Thanks to *Axartes*' Arm! Thus says the Queen:
Thanks to *Axartes*, who in such a Time,
'Midst furious Factions, and rebellious Rage,

Dar'd

Dar'd to assert the Cause of her and Empire.
And may Rebellion still find such a Scourge!
But where's the Prince *Pallantus?* I have Matters
Of high Importance to declare to him.

Arsam. Yonder he moves. He sees you, and approaches.
My Lord, we all retire, and leave you to him. [*Exe.*

Enter Pallantus.

Pallan. Gods, is it true, *Phraortes*, that *Olympia*
Has doom'd *Artesia* dead? Behold, he weeps!
His Tongue's unable to express its Charge,
But his Eyes tell me, and his faded Cheek
Speaks something wond'rous sad, above all Words.
Say, could she dare!

Phra. Oh had you seen her, raving even to Madness,
Beat her fair Bosom, and reproach the Gods
With all the Agonies of Grief; even thus
I found her when I went: A-while she rav'd,
Then on a sudden softer Passions rose,
Deep Sighs broke out, and melting Sorrows flow'd.
Her pitying Virgins, fix'd in awful Grief,
Mourn'd round her Couch, and echo'd back her Groans.
That Heav'nly Fire, which once with Gleams of Glory
Shone thro' her Eyes, and lighten'd up her Charms,
In Woe seem'd quite extinct. Then strait again
Rage swell'd her Form, and threaten'd in her Look:
Her redd'ning Bosom heav'd, her glowing Eyes
Darted a Stream of Fire, the furious Passion
Shook her whole Frame, distorted every Feature;
Her Voice grew more enlarg'd, as when the God
Rushes tumultuous on the tortur'd Breast
Of his prophetic Priest. Then 'midst her Fury
She gave this Dagger, with a stern Command
To plunge it in her hated Rival's Breast.

Pallan. First let Confusion and eternal Discord
Rage o'er all Nature, ev'ry golden Star

Be

Be melted from its Orb; the vast Abyss
Of Waters swallow up the crumbling Earth,
'Till universal *Chaos* reign again.
Phra. Hear me, hear me speak.
Pallan. Hear thee! for what? Thou Slave! thou hoary Villain!
The Serpent's Poison, and the Raven's Croak
Fall from thy Lips. Dost thou too seek her Blood?
Phra. No; but rely on me, she's yet secure:
I'll guard her Life with mine. Look on me, Prince;
Does this old hoary Head, this furrow'd Face
Betray a Villain? Think on my past Service;
Your mighty Father lov'd, and wou'd believe me:
He often prov'd my Truth, in War, in Peace;
Our Toils and Pleasures ever were the same,
'Till his last fatal Night——
Pallan. O spare the Mention!
Pardon the Transport of my boiling Youth.
Forgive me, good *Phraortes*, and O speak,
For I am all Attention.
Phra. Thus, my Prince.
You know that openly to oppose the Queen,
Might spread a Scene of Blood and Ruin round us,
Destructive to the State; perhaps, t' endanger
Your sacred Life. Commit the fair *Artesia*
To my Disposal, safely I'll convey her
From the Queen's jealous Rage. Her Royal Father,
Who rules in *Cyprus*, languishes out Life
In Tears, for his unhappy Daughter's Bondage.
Thither she flies to-night, with secret Joy
Her Sire receives her, and assists the Fraud.
Thus we deceive *Olympia*. I have more
To offer, but the Princess moves this Way;
The rest at leisure; I retire a while. [*Exit.*
Pallan. Lo, how she looks! Hard-hearted, cruel Queen,
To urge her Fate, on whom e'en Savages
Might gaze with Wonder, and forget their Fierceness.
Her

Her Eyes dart Love around, and her fair Cheeks
Glow as if Modesty herself sat there,
Blushing Reproof to Vice.

Enter Artesia.

Arte. Where has my Prince been wandring from these Arms?
Oh I have sought thee long; *Artesia*'s Heart
Can feel no Joy when thou art from my Sight.
Dost thou mourn too, *Pallantus?* Round the Court
Nothing but Scenes of Sorrow meet my View.
Now, as I pass'd along, the Queen rush'd by me,
Furious and wild, all discompos'd with Rage.
Her angry Eyes, like sanguine Meteors gleaming,
Shot Terror to my Soul.

Pallan. Ah poor *Artesia*!
Thou little think'st what the relentless Rage
Of Fate has form'd to hurt thy Peace of Mind.
Alas, I fear I have undone thy Quiet.

Arte. No, thou art all the bounteous Heav'ns could give
To save me from Despair, thy Love has fix'd me
Above the utmost Malice of my Fate.

Pallan. My Love! thou beauteous Innocent! alas,
'Tis that has led thee 'midst the Snares of Death:
Oh, it has driven thee to most frightful Dangers,
Yet thou go'st smiling on. Did'st thou but know,
Sure thou would'st hate my Presence, drive me out
From thy dear Breast, nor cherish there an Image
So fatal to thy Rest.

Arte. Alas! what mean you?
'Tis not in Nature thus to change my Heart:
Be thou but true, and I desire no more.
With thee I'll dare oppose the worst of Fate;
And if I cease to love my Royal Lord,
In every Fortune, tho' we are far driven
From the Society of human kind,
May some unheard-of Misery fall on me,

If

If I'd not take thee mourning to my Breast,
Sooth thee with gentle Talk to soft Repose,
E'en die with Pleasure to preserve *Pallantus*.!
Pallan. Talk'st thou of Death? Methinks the dreadful Tyrant
Should drop his Dart, to wonder at thy Beauties.
Thou greatest Good that Heav'n can e'er bestow!
I cannot think with Patience on thy Death.
Could I e'er part from thee?
Arte. I trace the Marks
Of something wondrous dreadful in your Looks;
How your Eyes roll and glare! why was that Groan
Half-smother'd? Let me know.
Pallan. My Best-belov'd,
I would not have thy tender Bosom feel
The slightest Pain of what I've lately felt,
To be the World's sole Lord.
Arte. Refuse me not
The Privilege of joining in your Sorrows.
Pallan. Search not my Thoughts too nearly, lest thou find
Something to damp thy Soul. O I could gaze
Ev'n 'till my Eye-strings crack. Is it then just
That this most lovely Creature be set up
A Mark, 'gainst which Misfortune must discharge
All her envenom'd Shafts! O my *Artesia*,
Hence, let's away, from the Queen's jealous Rage.
Know, I've prepar'd thee a secure Retreat;
Whither *Phraortes* waits e'en now to bear thee.
Fly whilst the Heav'ns permit; and when the Night
Spreads her dark Shades, propitious to my Wishes,

In thy dear Arms I'll seek my lost Repose,
And lose in Love the Memory of my Woes. [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Axartes *and* Eumenes.

Axar. ALL arm'd, all ready say you for the Charge?
Eum. E'en so; impatiently they wait to burst
From their Confinement, like imprison'd Winds
That storm indignant thro' their hollow Caves,
And labour for a Vent.
Axar. But where's *Arsamnes*, with the other Leaders?
Eum. Each at his Place assign'd,
To animate the Troops. Your Stand, *Axartes*,
Is at the Western Tower; thither you'll haste. [*Exit.*
Axar. Surely in this high Tide of Rage and Love,
The Prince shall join us. His illustrious Name
Would sanctify the Deed, and fix our Strength
Inviolably firm. The Queen has sent
Him Orders to attend her; and this Way
Must lead him to her. Lo, he's here already.

Enter Pallantus.

Pallan. *Axartes!* Guardian of my early Youth,
Thou bravest Warriour, and sincerest Friend!
After the Storms I've long been combating,
Thou art the Rock on which I'll rest a while:
Hence look with Horror on the Ills I've scap'd,
And ponder on the Ruin that may follow.
Axar. Alas, my Prince, your many Injuries
Swell my big Woes, and rive my Heart asunder.
What shall I do to serve you? You well know
You need but to command.

Pallan.

Pallan. Thus have I ever found thee,
Brave, undesigning, generous and sincere.
Axar. I would deserve the Praises you bestow.
Think on your lov'd *Artesia.*
Pallan. O *Axartes*,
Say not a Word of her. Virtue like hers,
Press'd down by such Misfortunes, makes my Heart
Shed Drops of Blood for every Wrong she bears.
Axar. Why then revenge your self upon the Heart
Of that imperious Woman who has caus'd 'em.
Indeed, my Prince, a thousand Passions arm
In this sad Breast, I'm tortur'd into Fury,
To see such Injuries go unreveng'd.
Pallan. What should I do, *Axartes?* Thou art honest;
Thou know'st the ardent Glowings of my Soul,
Thou know'st my Love. — O, I could curse —
Axar. The Queen?
Pallan. Ay, Heaven, the Queen, my self, and all Mankind.
Axar. Suppose I point you out a Way at once
To give Revenge its Fill? To hurl *Olympia*
From her proud Throne to grovel in the Dust?
Pallan. What, shall I prove a Traytor? Is it so?
Wouldst thou provoke thy Prince to stain his Honour?
Break thro' the Laws that Heav'n impos'd upon us,
And proudly spurn at sacred Majesty?
No, let me rather groan beneath Misfortunes,
Swell with my gathering Sorrows 'till I burst,
Ere dare oppose the Justice of the Gods,
In that, their brightest Image.
Axar. Can you be
So cold? By Heaven, I could recount a Tale
Should animate the very Walls, e'en make
Yon solid Statues kindle into Life,
And cry aloud for Vengeance; rouze your Father,
At Mid-day, from the Iron Sleep of Death,
To thunder fierce Revenge in your deaf Ears,
For murther'd Innocence. *Artesia* too —

Pallan.

Pallan. As thou doſt love me, ſay no more of her.
Axar. I muſt, I will go on. My Tongue, alas!
Could dwell for ever on the mournful Theme,
'Till Words were wanting, ſpeak of her Misfortunes.
Surely you never lov'd her.
Pallan. Ha, not love her!
Witneſs, ye Heav'ns, if e'er was Love like mine.
Witneſs, ye Hours, that ſaw my Joys and Pains;
My Joys and Pains, that were for her alone.
When I ſtood wond'ring at her awful Beauties,
Gaz'd on her Eyes, or languiſh'd on her Lip.
Did ſhe e'er joy, but I was all in Raptures,
Or ever grieve, but I was all in Tears?
Axar. Had you then ſeen th' Injuſtice of her Fate,
Had you but ſeen her! how my aching Heart
Bleeds at the Thought! Alas, 'twas wondrous ſad!
Extravagance of Woe! How had you rav'd,
How beat your Breaſt, defac'd that God-like Image,
And curs'd the cruel Stars!
Pallan. What canſt thou mean?
Axar. Had you beheld her when the curs'd *Phraortes*
Bar'd her white Boſom!
Pallan. Ha!
Axar. Oh, had you ſeen
The fatal Dagger gleaming in his Hand,
And her Breaſt heaving at the cruel Point.
But when ſhe ſunk away, all pale and dead——
Pallan. Dead! dead! *Axartes*? Dead?
Axar. Lo, every Eye
Sheds Tears of Pity at the ſad Occaſion,
And yet are you a Stranger to her Death?
You, whom it moſt concerns. Whoſe ready Arm
Should have ruſh'd in, and turn'd the Blow aſide
From her moſt precious Life.
Pallan. You ſaw her not?
Axar. Alas, I heard her plead in vain for Pity,
And ſaw her ſunk beneath the murthering Knife,
That deeply drank her Blood. The purple Stream
Forth-

Forth-gushing from the Wound, stain'd her fair Bosom;
Whilst, as it flow'd, her Head, and Iv'ry Neck
Unsinew'd, languid, from her Shoulders hung:
Her beauteous Tresses scatter'd in the Dust,
Were foul with clotted Gore. Yet ev'n in Death
Your Name in broken Sounds fell from her Tongue;
With her last dying Breath she call'd on you.

Pallan. O cruel Queen! Barbarous, false *Phraortes!*

Axar. Oh, what a dreadful Scene my Fancy paints,
To see her in the Agonies of Death,
Faint, gasping, pale! Her dim Eyes rolling round,
Now clos'd in Death, her faded Lips all white!

Pallan. Alas, poor Wretch! *Axartes*, O support me!
Long have I stood the Storm, but now its Rage,
In spite of all Resistance, beats me down. [*Falling.*

Axar. O rise, *Pallantus*; rise, for Honour's sake.

Pallan. Ay, and for Vengeance; But my Tears will flow,
O I could ever weep. Dead! dead, *Artesia!*

Axar. How his fierce Sorrows tear him! [*Aside.*
Ho, *Pallantus!*

Pallan. Come then, Revenge, and with thee bring along
Thy barbarous Racks, thy Scorpions, Daggers, Whips,
The Torch of Discord, that 'twixt dearest Friends,
'Twixt Sisters, Brothers, Parents and their Children
Kindles eternal Hate; at the dire Blast
My Nature shall be chang'd, and my hot Blood
Turn into Gall. Instruct me, O *Axartes*,
Give me but Vengeance. Yes, I will have Vengeance.

Axar. You shall. But swear that you'll be ever secret,
And I'll disclose to you the greatest Scheme
That e'er was laid to save a sinking People,
And satisfy Revenge.

Pallan. By my great Parents discontented Ghosts,
By my *Artesia*'s ever-injur'd Shade,
I swear.

Axar. Then, in these Tablets, read, my Prince,
What mighty Men, with Hearts of Resolution,

Wait now in Arms. Would you enroll your Name.
[Pallan. *writes and returns the Tablets.*

Pallan. 'Tis done; do with me what thou wilt,
Axartes.
A horrid Joy shoots thro' my gloomy Soul,
Like Light'ning thro' a Cloud. Strait give the Word;
Let 'em all rise, my Soul is up in Arms.

Axar. At Night we give the Signal.

Pallan. Why so long?
I'll fly this Instant to her, hurl her down,
And stab her to the Heart. Off— give me Way. [*Ex.*

Axar. The Game at length is rouz'd, and those stanch Hell-hounds,
Revenge and Slaughter, soon shall hunt her down.

Enter Euryone.

My Wife!

Eury. Your Wife, my Lord, if yet unkindly
You've not resolv'd to throw me from your Arms:
Look on these Eyes, which you so oft have kiss'd
With eager Joy; behold 'em quench'd in Tears:
Look on this Breast, on which you've laid your Head,
So many Days, so many chearful Nights,
And vow'd eternal Love; behold it heave
With Sighs unnumber'd.

Axar. Say, what means my Love?

Eury. Oh that the Force of Prayers, or weeping Eyes,
Could change this dreadful Purpose of your Soul!
I'd weep for ever, hang for ever on you.

Axar. Ha, say'st thou Woman! Are these Tears for that?

Eury. Oh do not turn your Eyes thus sternly on me,
For all I say is Tenderness and Love.
Oh think what horrid Dangers threaten round you,
That may involve you in a world of Woes,
And bear you down to Death. Think, could you leave me?
And is *Euryone* so slightly priz'd?
That you thus venture your dear, sacred Life,

In

In such a curs'd Design, with bloody Ruffians.
Should you succeed, yet Guilt must stain Success.
But should you fail! Alas, the horrid Thought!
Surely my Heart would never be at Rest;
Weeping I'd mourn the live-long Hours away,
Smile at all other Griefs, 'till Death's cold Hand
Lay my Head low, and free me from my Sorrows.

Axar. Try me no farther with thy soft complaining.
I must proceed. Dry up thy falling Tears:
Fate calls me on, the mighty Hour's at hand.

Eury. Oh be not thus still obstinate in Ill.
Forbear to shed my Royal Mistress' Blood,
Forbear to slay the Queen. O, could you slay her!
The Queen, so great, benevolent and good.

Axar. Consider what thou say'st, and think, *Euryone*,
How poor *Artesia*'s melancholic Shade,
That now, perhaps, is hovering near this Place,
Frowns at such Words as those. Think on her Fate,
Thus guiltless doom'd by the Queen's haughty Pow'r.

Eury. What was all that, but an Excess of Love?
Urg'd on by which, she did she knew not what.
And sure were mine her Fate, had I been doom'd
To see a Rival in *Axartes*' Arms,
I too, if possible, had wrought her Ruin.
Yet had you seen *Olympia*, when *Phraortes*
Brought her the Steel, the Blood yet dropping from it;
Oh had you seen her, sure you had relented.
Stupid with Grief she stood, and wildly staring,
Was dumb a-while; but when her Words found Way,
How did she curse herself the guilty Cause,
How did she curse the Hand that gave the Wound!
How tear her scatter'd Locks, and beat her Breast!
'Till she dropt senseless in her Virgins Arms,
And languish'd for a-while. Then, fiercely springing,
Quite frantic rose, her every Action mad,
And all her Talk disjointed and confus'd.
Sure you must pity her. Let me then haste,
Declare your Councils, and secure a Pardon.

Axar. Beware, or ſwift Perdition ſeizes on thee.
I'll hear no more. [*Breaks away.*

Eury. He's gone, alas, he's gone!
Rage in his Eye, and Frowns upon his Brow.
Alas, he once was kinder, far, far kinder!
But, ah, why talk I of what once he was?
Surely his Date of Love is at an End,
Elſe could he leave me thus? Surely I'm chang'd:
The few frail Beauties he was wont to praiſe
Have fled my Cheeks, and I'm no more the ſame,
And he can love no more. Good Heav'n, the Queen!
Did ever Eye behold a Sight ſo ſad!
Weep then, ye Skies; ye ſtony Rocks, relent!
Ye Mountains mourn her Woes, ſince Man, ſtern Man,
Diſdains to breathe a Sigh, or drop a Tear.

Enter Olympia *ſupported by Virgins.*

Olym. I'll go no farther, here let me repoſe,
Be this my Bridal Bower; the Groves around
Shall echo to my Joys, melodious Birds
Shall ſing my Nuptials, and yon tow'ring Pines
Bend down to ſhroud me with a fragrant Shade.
Behold he comes; my lovely Bridegroom comes,
All freſh and blooming as the youthful Spring.
Soft wanton *Zephyrs* fan his bluſhing Beauties,
And his Locks dance upon the balmy Breeze;
A Gale of Odours iſſues from his Lips:
He comes, he haſtes, he ruſhes to my Arms;
Tranſporting Sight!

Eury. She doats on the Illuſion!
And fancies Tranſports ſhe muſt ne'er enjoy.

Olymp. Ah, but *Arteſia* claims him from my Love,
She claims him all. And ſhall I give him back?
Reſign thoſe Charms for which ſo long I've ſigh'd,
Mourn'd all my Days, and languiſh'd out my Nights?
Yes, were he ten times dearer than he is,
I'd yield him up to her. Haſte then, my Virgins,
Bid her attend me, let *Arteſia* come,

Her

Her Beauties blooming, her fair Tresses flowing;
Bid her put on her brightest Looks to-day,
This is her bridal Day.

Eury. Alas, *Olympia!*

Olym. Tell her the Prince attends her in the Temple,
The holy Priest prepares the sacred Rites,
And Incense rolls in fragrant Wreaths to Heav'n.

Eury. Oh how she raves! 'Tis wildest Frenzy all!—
Did not your Royal Mandate speak her Death?

Olym. Why am I not obey'd? An't I your Queen?
Alas, you all conspire with my Misfortunes,
To aggravate my Pains, and swell my Sorrows.
Fly then, ye Winds, and bear my Message to her;
This very moment joins her to the Prince;
My self with Flow'rs will strew the Nuptial Bow'r.
[*Sinks on* Eury.

Eury. Oh that she'd here recline, 'till pitying Heav'n
Raze from her Mind the Traces of her Woe.

Olym. Where am I? Oh, 'tis heavy on my Head.
Her Death, alas, lies heavy on my Head.
Where is the Prince *Pallantus?* Will he come?
I've wrong'd him much, transported by my Love,
I've done —— let me not think of it, for oh
The Prospect's deep, 'tis deep, 'tis black and deep,
And my craz'd Brain will rage and split asunder.

Enter Pallantus.

Ha, save me from him! What have I to do
With ought like thee? I must not, cannot love;
For I have lov'd, alas, too much already.
A Youth more glorious than the Noon-day Sun
Charm'd my fond Heart, yet false as fleeting Air,
Rough as the Seas, and harder than the Rocks.
Yet I'll not blame him, tho' he be my Ruin.
Why should I blame the Stream, whose flashing Waves
Drown the poor Wretch that rashly plunges in.

Pallan. Whence comes this sudden Damp upon my Heart!

I cannot stab her now: Her frantic Sorrows,
Like strong Enchantments, have unnerv'd my Arm.
[*Aside.*

Olym. Who art thou? Say. Methinks I ought to hate thee,
And yet could stand and gaze for ever on thee.
In savage Desarts wonder at thy Beauties,
Fearless, tho' howling Monsters grinn'd around;
With Transport view thee 'midst the wreck of Nature;
'Midst Storms, and Fires, and Waves, and crushing Worlds,
Grasp thee with Joy, nor think upon my Ruin.
If thou'rt some airy Messenger from Heaven,
For such thou seem'st by thy bright-beaming Radiance,
And com'st to wast me to th' *Elysian* Shades,
Guide me, O guide me, with thy Sacred Wand,
Thro' the dark Horrors of the dreary Way;
The shadowy People of th' infernal World
Shall part, and faintly murmur as I pass.
See there! *Artesia* in the Myrtle Groves,
Basks in eternal Joy, she clasps her Prince,
But frowns as I pass by. The grinning Furies
Leap from their Den, and brandish high their Whips!
O save me, save me! See, the curling Snakes
Drop their black Poison; now they mount aloft,
Now twist in horrid Volumes round my Neck.
Ah! [*Sinks away.*

Pallan. Revenge, where art thou? O my Resolution!
[*Aside.*

Eury. Just Heaven preserve the Queen!

Olym. Off, give me Air!
O Heav'n, how dark! How is the Face of Nature
Chang'd on a sudden! The Night's browneſt Horrors
Shame my dim Eyes, I dye for want of Air.
Off; would you stifle me?

Pallan. She gasps, and heaves,
As if the Agonies of Death were on her.

Eury. Prepare some Music. Music may compose
Her

Her ruffl'd Breast, and charm away her Pains.
[*To an Attendant who Exit.*
What a strange Havock have her mighty Griefs
Made in her beauteous Frame! Support her gently.
Amazing Change! Behold how pale that Cheek,
Where once the Graces danc'd; whose full-blown Beauty
Could charm all Hearts but yours. [*To* Pallan.
[*Soft Music is heard.*

Olym. Ha, whence is that?
What whispering Voice divine! My lazy Spirits
Dance to the Sound, as murmuring Waters soft,
Kind and refreshing as the spicy Gale. [*Music again.*
'Tis well. I'm very weak. O bear me up.
The Prince! Alas, and is it possible!
Could you let fall a Tear to mourn my Sorrows?
'Tis wond'rous kind, far more than I deserve,
Since I've so greatly wrong'd you. O I am sick,
Even to Death. Conduct me to my Chamber;
To Rest, if possible. [*Led off.*

Pallan. What now remains
For me? Revenge I cannot. I'll not think.
Despair hangs on me, Nature starts to Madness;
I shall run wild, fly to the Savage Desarts,
And joyn the happier Beasts.

Enter Phraortes.

O Villain, Monster!
How dar'st thou meet the Tempest of my Wrath?
Far safer might the unarm'd Hunter rush
Into the Lyon's Den. O that thou stood'st
Powerful in Arms, as they whose Giant Rage
Brav'd the Almighty Thunderer in Battle;
[*Lays hold on him.*
Thus great, to fall a nobler Sacrifice,
To my most just Revenge.

Phra. Alas, my Prince!

Pallan. Ha, doſt thou tremble? What could'ſt thou expect?
Thought'ſt thou Age ſhou'd skreen thee from my Fury?
O impudent Surmize! My Wife! O Traytor!
Hell ſhall invent new Pains to torture thee.
Doſt thou not ſee ev'n now the ſtarting Furies
Shake their dire Whips, and chide my tardy Vengeance?
Phra. Hear me, Sir. [*Lays hold on his Sword.*
Pallan. My Wife! my Wife!
Phra. Will you hear me?
Pallan. My Wife! Away.
Phra. Think not your Rage
Could ſhake my ſtedfaſt Soul. I have a Sword
Whoſe Force my Country's Foes have often felt;
And tho' twice thirty Winters have unnerv'd
The Arm that bore it; when Occaſion prompts,
Yet does it dare to ſhield its injur'd Lord
From Inſolence and Wrong.
Pallan. Confuſion! Brav'd thus!
Phra. Only hear me ſpeak.
And if I do not prove my Honour clear ——
Pallan. Ha, ſay'ſt thou, Wretch! is there in Honour ought
Could move thee to obey the Queen, in what
Even Hell itſelf diſowns? Thus, coldly thus,
To ſhed the Blood of Innocence ſo pure:
The rigid Sentence in the Queen was nought
But the ſtrong Impulſe of diſtracting Paſſion;
Thine was th' Effect of thinking Villany,
That kills for killing ſake.
Phra. Were that my Guilt,
This Rage were all too little; but your Wife
Still lives: I've ſnatch'd her from the Dart of Death,
And put my own old Boſom to the point
To ſave her Life. Nay, ſtrike me dead, my Prince,
If you not find the Truth of what I've ſaid.
The Arts I us'd to ſtrengthen thro' the Court

The

The Credit of her Death, were all so powerful,
That none, not even yourself, but were deceiv'd.
But, for a stronger Proof — my royal Lord,
The Violence of Rage in which I found you,
Disorder'd so my Mind, that I forgot
To give this Paper, where the beauteous Princess
With her own Hand attests her Life and Safety. —
[*Gives* Pallan. *a Paper, which he reads.*
Behold warm Transport kindles in his Breast,
And smiles o'er all his Face.

Pallan. 'Tis her's! She lives!
O rushing Raptures of ecstatic Joy!
Swift let me wing me to her Arms, there tell her,
In broken Murmurs, betwixt fond Embraces,
What Pains I've born; and when I hold her close,
Own that my mighty Pains are well repay'd.
Transporting Thought! O Ecstasy of Joy!
Artesia lives, recall'd from Death to Life!
Henceforth let none despair. — Thou good old Man,
Can'st thou forgive the Fury of my Passion,
That dar'd accuse thy Virtue? When I think
How I have wrong'd thee, struck with wild Confusion,
I scarce dare look upon thy hoary Age
That sav'd me from Despair, and in return
Has been affronted thus by my Reproaches.

Phra. Be that forgotten now. Indeed, 'twas wrong
To doubt my Honour thus. I lov'd your Father,
That wond'rous Man, whose God-like Stamp you bear!
And for his Sake, whom once I call'd my Friend,
Would I expose my Life in your Defence;

Pallan. Exalted Virtue! Sure the Heavens shall pour
Their Blessings down, with a free giving Hand,
On Truth so like their own.

Phra. Lo, my Son comes upon us; and his Looks,
If I mistake not, speak some earnest Business.
I'll hear him, then conduct you to the Princess.
[*Exit* Pallan.

Enter

Enter Arsamnes.

Arsam. O haste, my Lord, the City's in Alarm;
Rebellion stalks at large thro' ev'ry Street;
Confusion sits on ev'ry honest Face;
The Shrieks of Women and the Shouts of Men
Deafen the Ear.

Phra. Quick then lead down the Guards.
Are things so desperate?—— Yet stop, *Arsamnes*,
My Presence might be better. Only thou,
In case of Danger, guard the fair *Artesia*.
But oh be secret, as to what we've done;
The Queen, perhaps, who now laments her Death,
Might feel her Jealousy revive with her. [*Exit.*

Arsam. Curse on the Fools, thus unadvisedly
To rush before the Signal to the Onset!
But since 'tis thus, what's left for me to do?
Impeach the Leaders? Thus I save myself.
My Father's Vision, and *Seleucus*' Ghost
Still thunder in my Ears the Voice of Fate.
Besides, *Artesia* now is in my Power;
Fortune has kindly toss'd into my Hand
The Jewel that I sought. Shall I neglect it,
And risque my Safety in a needless Venture?
Now the Storm rises shall I drive from Shore,
Since I've already got the mighty Prize
For which I first embark'd? Thus shall it be.
I'll to the Queen, then to *Artesia*'s Arms
Triumphant fly, and revel in her Beauties.
Resolv'd I go, and certain to prevail,
For Force shall aid me, if Persuasions fail. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Axartes.

Eum. WHERE will these Tumults end? To be thus blasted
In the full Prospect of approaching Joy!
Ten thousand Curses wait 'em for their Folly.
All from the Western Tower the numerous Bands
Thick-gathering Crowds on Crowds, with wild Affright
Alarm the City.

Axar. Swift then let's away.
The Sight of us may animate our Troops,
And make the Honours of the Day our own.
Fortune's grown coy of late, but still pursue her,
And she may turn again. Away, my Friends.

Eum. See where *Arsamnes* comes. Let's first of him
Learn how our Fortunes stand. Hark, what a Shout!
Perhaps e'en now we conquer.

Enter Arsamnes.

Arsam. We're betray'd!
Discover'd all! Yet let us what we can
To guard our Lives. We have been all impeach'd,
All our Designs, and every Step we've taken
Olympia knows. Spies have been set around us,
To mark our Councils, and observe our Actions.

Eum. Amazement!
Axar. } Can it be!
Eum. }

Axar. May the severest Curses Hell can send
Blast the Betrayer's Head.

Arsam.

Arsam. Make from the Storm that blackens o'er your Heads:
I'll to *Phraortes*, he perhaps may move
The Queen to spare our Lives.
Axar. Go you, my Friends, if your Hearts coldly thus
Can bear Dishonour, and survive your Fame;
Here am I fix'd, resolv'd to meet my Fate,
Nor start from Death itself. [*Exeunt.*
Betray'd! —— *Euryone* —— She durst not sure:
She knew her Life were forfeit for the Guilt.
But then her Art to draw the Secret from me:
Her Prayers and Tears to move my stedfast Soul,
Seem to confirm Suspicion. If 'tis she,
All that I ask of Heav'n before I die,
Is, to revenge me on her treach'rous Heart.
But see the Guards! I'm in the Toils already.

Enter Guards, who seize him.

Offic. My Lord, our Orders are to bear you hence,
To instant Death: 'Tis what the Queen commands.
Axar. To Death! —— I'm ready to obey your Summons.
Offic. *Eumenes*, as he went from hence, was seiz'd
And order'd to the Rack: The other Leaders
Expect the Doom of Death: All but *Arsamnes*,
Who to the Queen betray'd your proud Designs.
Axar. *Arsamnes!* O the Coward! Was it he?
Give him but to my Rage.

Enter Euryone *hastily.*

Eury. Oh my *Axartes!*
Axar. Give me a Moment here,
And I'll resign my self to you for ever.
[*Guards go to bear him off.*
Eury. Oh let me ever hold thee in my Arms,
So close that Death shall be too weak to part us,

Tho'

Tho' Furies thruſt their flaming Brands between.
Thou muſt not dye.

Axar. Say'ſt thou, *Euryone!*
I'm ſummon'd now away. 'Tis but a Moment,
And I ſhall go.——Ah, whither, whither go!
Where human Thought that boldly dares to ſearch,
Leaps ſtartl'd back, bewild'red and amaz'd.
Yet were it not for thee, I could advance
To meet the Tyrant cloth'd with all his Terrors,
And fall without a Groan: Can'ſt thou forgive me?
Thus, thus to leave thy chaſt unſullied Joys,
To mix with Cowards and pretended Friends,
Falſe to my ſelf, to Honour, and to thee?

Eury. Oh I forgive thee all. But, ah, what's that?

Offic. Obey the Queen's Commands, and force him hence.

Axar. Inhuman Slaves!

Eury. Barbarians, we'll not part,
Here will I grow. *Axartes*, ah, my Husband!

Axar. My Wife! [*Are torn aſunder.*
When my Nerves crack, and my ſwoln Eyes ſtart out,
Thy Woes will ſharpen my diſtracting Pangs,
And deepen every Groan. [*He is born off.*

[Euryone *following is detained by her Attendants.*

Eury. Off, let me go; why ſhould you hold me back?
My Lord, my Husband! O let me purſue him,
Fall on his Neck, and bathe him with my Tears.
Alas, even now I ſee him on the Rack,
His Blood in Anguiſh ſtarting thro' his Fleſh:
His livid Limbs all quivering with the Pain.
Ah poor *Axartes*! all my widow'd Days
I'll waſte in mourning thy ſevere Misfortunes:
Cold, as ſome monumental Marble Form,
That in the gloomy Vault with Marks of Woe
Weeps o'er the Dead beneath.

Attend. Behold, the Queen
From Council comes this Way; ſpeak all your Griefs,
Perhaps

Perhaps her Mercy may preſerve your Lord.

Eury. No: 'tis in vain. The Heav'ns are all conſpir'd
To work his Death and mine. There's not one Star
But ſhines with dire Malignance on our Loves.

Enter Olympia, *Guards*, &c.

Olym. Was it for this that they like goodly Trees
Were planted in the Shadow of my Power?
To ſend forth Poyſons, and infect the Air.
From every Part what Tumults round me rage!
My Empire grows unwieldy, and diſdains
So weak an Arm to guide it thro' the Storms.
What can a Woman do, a feeble Woman!
Thus ſet around with Ills, thus impotent
To govern even herſelf? *Euryone*,
Thee have I ever cheriſh'd in my Boſom,
Rais'd thee on high. How have my many Favours
Deſerv'd this Uſage from thy haughty Lord?

Eury. O Mercy, Mercy! [*Weeps.*

Olym. Think not thou of that.
Mercy, that long has govern'd in my Breaſt,
Reſigns her Seat to Juſtice. Shall I ſhew Mercy
To thoſe, who waited in my Blood t'imbrue
Their impious Hands? Such monſtrous Guilt requires
Moſt ſtrict Severity. My eaſy Reign
Made 'em almoſt forget I was a Queen:
And ſuch I ſcarce have been. But now I'll riſe
Reveal'd in Majeſty, and claim Obedience.
Heaven's fierce Artillery, the rolling Thunder
That long hath ſlept, again ſhall lift its Voice,
And rouze the Nations to confeſs their God.

Enter Mirza.

Mir. My Royal Miſtreſs, Heaven ſtill guard you thus,
Thus, with its friendly interpoſing Hand,
Throw back the Darts of Treaſon on itſelf,

Propitious

Propitious ever! As *Axartes* went
To Execution, this was found upon him.
[*Gives her the Tablets.*
Olym. This is too much. Support me, oh support me.
This, this, alas, will bear me down to Death!
Has then *Pallantus* sworn against my Life?
It cannot be. Swift, to *Axartes* fly,
Bid him attend me. Let the other Traytors
In Prison wait a-while the Stroke of Death,
Till I'm assur'd of this. And if 'tis so,
The Prince himself shall lead the Way: Bid him too
Haste to our Presence. [*Exit* Euryone *and Guards.*
Oh 'tis far worse than Poyson to my Soul,
It stabs me to the Heart. Why, you just Heavens,
Was my ill-fated Life thus far prolong'd?
Oh that I ne'er had seen it! —— Bear me up.
The icy Hand of Death is now upon me;
Hear then, my Virgins, hear my last Request,
And do the last sad Office for your Queen.
See, my Lips tremble at the fading Touch;
See the dead Paleness steal o'er all my Face;
Compose my dying Limbs; and, when I'm dead,
O bring *Pallantus* to my clay-cold Course,
And, as he views it, if by chance he weeps,
If the least Spark of Pity yet remains,
For sure he once was of the noblest Temper,
As the big silent Drops roll down his Face,
Tell him this last Unkindness wrought my Death,
More than his fix'd Disdain.
Cle. Talk not of Death;
The Clouds that veil'd your Days shall brighten up,
And the long Prospect of your Life be clear.
Olym. No, 'tis resolv'd. For what should I now live!
For Empire? That my fierce-divided People
With their wild Factions still are wrestling from me.
For Glory? That long since I've idly lost.
For Love? When he, the Prince of my Desires,
Has sworn against my Life!

Cle.

Cle. If he be guilty———

Olym. If he be! Do'nt flatter now; There's not left
Room for the slightest Doubt. Why comes he not?
Oh that he may but prove his Innocence!
But ah, I fear it much. Behold his Name!
It glares like dreadful Lightning in my Face,
And spreads a Scene of Horror o'er my Soul.
How I could curse my self for having lov'd
This guilty, charming, treacherous, god-like Prince!
How rush on him, and quite deface those Beauties,
Those wondrous Beauties, that so charm'd my Soul,
For which I've languish'd, and so often sigh'd!
For which the loveliest Virgins melt away!

Cle. Oh, how, unconscious of your Love, you praise
Whom you would curse, and talk away your Hate!

Olym. No, I disdain, detest, and curse him still.
Could I have thought he ever would have stoop'd
To mix with Traytors, to conspire my Death!
His Queen's! His Guardian's! To conspire my Death!
Who love him dearer than the World besides.
Who scorn'd the Monarchs of the Earth for him,
Careless of Empire, and my greater Fame.
Again I'm lost.——No more, for he shall dye,
And meet the Doom he merits by his Guilt.

Enter Pallantus *guarded.*

Was it like you, *Pallantus!* like a Prince,
To Empire born, ignobly thus to stain
Your royal Blood? that from the Birth of Time
Thro' the rich Vein of Emperors and Heroes,
Even from the Gods themselves, roll'd down to you,
Clear, unpolluted: thus with traiterous Rage
To invade my Life and Crown? But take 'em, Prince.
Alas, I've long been weary of my Life:
And for my Crown, if e'er it binds thy Brows,
Thou'lt find the Cares that tread its golden Round
O'er-ballance the uncertain Joys it brings.

Pallan.

Pallan. What Slave has dar'd to violate my Honour?
Give me to know. Why vary thus your Looks?
Why burns this sudden Passion in your Eyes,
And reddens in your Breast?
Olym. Believe not, Prince,
I wish to prove this Charge. But by yon Heav'n,
If thou art guilty, Death shall be thy Lot.
And, for I once did Love thee, if I feel
Of Pity ought plead for thee in my Breast,
I'll stab the Rebel-passion in my Heart.
But why comes not *Axartes?*

Enter Axartes, Euryone, *Guards*, &c.

Now, *Pallantus*,
Now clear your Honour. Know you this, young Prince? [*Shewing the Tablets.*
Ha, why this foul Confusion in your Face?
The Marks of glowing Guilt! When, why, and where
Was this dire Contract sign'd?
Pallan. Confusion! Ha!
Hast thou betray'd me then to save thy self?
[*To* Axar.
Yet think not thou shalt live, for thus my Vengeance—
[*Offers to draw, is stop'd.*
Olym. Forbear, rash Prince; think'st thou 'tis not enough,
T'ave gone thus far, that yet thou boldly dar'st
With Insolence to vindicate thy Guilt?
Thus with outrageous Fury to prophane
The Presence of thy Queen? But thou shalt see
What yet my Power can do. Hence, bear him off,
To instant Death. Why am I not obey'd?
Axar. Recall your Sentence, here point all your Rage,
On me, the guilty Cause of all this Uproar.
But spare the Prince, for he is innocent.
Olym. Do not these Tablets, which were found on thee,
Equally prove the Prince's Guilt and thine?

Pallan. Generous *Axartes!* Then I've wrong'd thy Honour.

Axar. Indeed you have, to think I could betray you.
The Guilt is all my own, be mine the Tortures.
When first I heard the Death of his lov'd Wife,
The fair *Artesia*, whisper'd thro' the Court,
I flew to him, and with the strongest Colours
That Eloquence could paint, so mov'd his Soul,
That in the Fury of distracting Passion,
He there enroll'd his Name.

Eury. Alas, *Axartes!*

Olym. *Pallantus!*

Pallan. No, the Guilt is mine;
If it be Guilt. 'Twas I that drew him over
To mix in Treason, and revenge my Wrongs:
Mine and my Parents Wrongs; mine and *Artesia's*.
And know, that when I heard her fatal Doom,
With Curses on your Name, I rush'd away,
Resolv'd to bury my avenging Steel
Deep in your Heart; tho' he in vain oppos'd me.
'Twas then, that stung to Madness with Remorse,
I found you raving, and 'twas that which sav'd you
From Death, and my Revenge. So, now consider,
Ere the fierce Bolt be hurl'd, nor let its Rage
Shatter his honest Breast.

Olym. Amazing Virtue!
Each wishes to lay down his hated Life
To save his dearer Friend. Conduct *Axartes*
Hence to the Prison: Leave the Prince *Pallantus*
A while with me: The rest retire and leave us.— [*Ex*
I own, *Pallantus*, this I have deserv'd,
(For I have greatly wrong'd thee.) Now I think
On the dear Motive that provok'd thy Rage.
Then draw thy Sword, and sheath it in my Bosom;
Behold it bare, and open to the Blow:
I will not start aside. But when thou seest
My Life-blood spouting on thy Hands, O take me
To thy lov'd Arms, and own, with tender Pity,

That

That all my Crimes have been th' Effect of Love,
And that *Artesia*'s Death is well reveng'd.

Pallan. Talk not of that, for, oh, the Thought distracts me.

Olym. Oh, I could talk round the revolving Year,
For ever speak, and yet have much to say.
But Nature this denies. Now, even now,
Whilst here I stand, my aching Eyes wax dim,
My loose Knees tremble, icy Damps hang on me,
And my Tongue almost has forgot its Office.
My Death is near at hand; for, oh, I find
The feeble Springs of Nature just decay'd:
Love, that I cherish'd like a friendly Guest,
In my fond Bosom, proves a dangerous Foe:
And the lone Dwelling, ruinous and wild,
Is tottering to its Fall. Behold, young Prince,
See Glory, Empire, Majesty and Fame
Thrown by for Love, and yet that Love despis'd.

Pallan. O say not so; could I despise your Love!
Despise *Olympia!* her, the first in Rule
Of all th' adoring World! With Sense and Beauty
To charm the Old and captivate the Young!

Olym. Thus was I thought, before I knew *Pallantus*.
Knew him! I knew him not; I deem'd him brave,
Gentle, sincere, compassionate and kind.
How I have been deceiv'd, witness these Tears,
Witness my lonesome Days, and joyless Nights;
Witness my Love that soon shall lay me down
In my cold Grave, to mingle with the Dust.
Yet one thing I'd implore. When I am dead,
And thou shalt mount the Throne from which I fell,
Protect my Fame; and each revolving Year,
Just at the close of this unhappy Day,
Let each sad Virgin, that has lov'd like me,
Mourn round my Tomb my Sorrows and their own.
And as their Tears in solemn Sorrow stream
Down their wan Cheeks, and wet the Marble Urn,
Invoke my Ghost; my Ghost shall be appeas'd,

And gladlier tread the dreary Plains below. [*Exit.*

Pallan. Heav'n, how her awful Woes have caught my Heart!
With what a Whirl of Passion I've been toss'd!
Even yet my Breast is like a troubled Sea,
Whose Billows are not fully quieted,
Altho' the Storm's blown over.

Enter Phraortes.

Phra. O Prince, the Hour is come, the fatal Hour!
Destruction waits us. O my Age, my Age!
Why do I live? why have I liv'd thus long?
Thus to behold the Evening of my Life
Involv'd in Clouds! Alas, my Son, my Son!
Why dost thou rive thy aged Father's Heart?
Why dost thou make me wish thou ne'er had'st been!
And seek my Grave with Curses on thy Head?

Pallan. Whence this wild Rage of Grief? Ha, whence that Shock!
A sudden Horror comes o'er all my Senses,
As if my better Genius had forsook me.
Speak, let me hear it. I'm resolv'd to hear,
Tho' the dire Sound be full of Death and Horror;
Ill Fortune has been so familiar to me,
That it has almost lost its dire Effect;
As strongest Poisons, when habitual grown,
Forget their wonted Power. Restrain thy Tears.

Phra. Oh had you seen how he abus'd my Age,
With Curses and Reproaches, when he found
The Scheme we form'd to bear *Artesia* off,
Far from the Court, and from the jealous Queen;
Then how he rav'd, avow'd the Love he bore her,
Swore he'd betray us all; and rush'd away,
Strait to the Queen, whom, as she went from hence,
I saw him meet. O most unnatural!
'Tis too too much for my old Heart to bear:
So kind a Parent, and a Son so base!

Pallan.

Pallan. O Villain, monſtrous Villain! O *Phraortes!*
Arteſia! Oh! Perhaps the Queen incens'd
May now be kindl'd with redoubl'd Fury,
Involving thee, *Arteſia*, and myſelf,
In one great Scene of Ruin. And lo the Guards
Almoſt prevent our Fears.
Phra. Relentleſs Heav'n!

Enter Mirza *and Guards, who ſeize the Prince.*

Mir. My Lord, the Queen commands that you be born
Hence ſtrait to Priſon. With other Allegations,
Arſamnes told the Queen a Scheme was form'd
To take her Life; and lift the fair *Arteſia*,
Whom all eſteem'd as dead, to ſhare with you
The Throne of *Perſia*.
Pallan. Did he, could he ſay it!
But, is *Arteſia* ſafe?—What, not a Word?
I wait your Summons; lead me to the Dungeon.
Perhaps ere now, alas, her Doom is fix'd;
What then ſhould I do here! Farewel then Greatneſs,
Farewel ye crowded Courts, ye Pageant Pomps;
Welcome ye loathſome Dungeons, ye dark Vaults,
Ye iron Grates; welcome ye Walls obſcene;
The Din of Clanking Chains, the dreadful Groans
Of Wretches in Deſpair ſhall pierce my Ears
With Sounds of Horror, as I lye extended
On the bare Earth, and breathe th' unwholeſom Damps;
Whilſt ever and anon the bloated Toad
From his dark Hole ſlow crawls a-croſs my Limbs,
And baleful Adders ruſh; where nought appears
By the faint glimm'ring Light, but Sights of Woe:
The Skeletons of Wretches, that point out
My own unhappy Fate: how ſoon like them
I ſhall be chang'd, the Scene of Death to raiſe,
For thoſe who there ſhall pine in future Days,
[*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Arſamnes *alone.*

'TIS Night, the Time that Nature has appointed
For ſoft Repoſe; 'tis ſtill, all ſtill around,
Save in theſe courtly Walls, whoſe Midnight Echoes
Swell every Breath to Sound, and awe the Mind.
Lo, yond' the Moon in Silence mounts the Sky,
And leads her Starry Train: She's now at Full,
What time ſhe acts moſt ſtrongly on the Earth.
Hence Murthers, Factions, and the Fall of Empires.
Now Fiends and Spectres from the Earth's dark Womb
Riſe horrible to View, in black Cabals;
Or lonely wandring thro' the aweful Gloom,
With dreadful Wailing ſwell the nightly Horrors.
Ere this, *Pallantus*, if my Arts ſucceed,
Joyns the fantaſtic Train.—Ha, whence that Sound!
'Twas nought!—'Tis quiet all. Yet I could wiſh
My Heart leſs guilty. Whence this ſudden Damp!

Enter Conſpirator.

Ha, who art thou?—Well, is *Pallantus* ſlain?
Conſp. I went my Lord, reſolv'd upon his Death,
And found him laid as if incorporate
With the cold Ground: Yet arm'd with Reſolution,
That ſhew'd his Soul diſdain'd thoſe vile Afflictions,
And laugh'd at all th' Indignities of Fate.
He neither burſt a Groan, nor dropt a Tear,
But deeply thoughtful ſeem'd, and nobly fix'd
On more exalted Views, than thoſe enjoy
Who grovel here below. So great a Mind
Startl'd my Reſolution.

Arſam.

Arsam. Coward Traytor! [*Aside.*
Cons. Thus wavering as I stood, an Order came,
Commanding me to set him and his Friend
The fierce *Axartes*, free; and every Moment
They are expected here.
Arsam. What then must I?
Are my big Hopes all shrunk to this at last,
Thus wither'd with Despair?
Cons. Those idle Thoughts
Throw far behind you, Sir. For know, *Eumenes*
With a strong Band, whom I releas'd from Prison,
Beset the Palace now, to slay the Queen.
Their Arms conceal'd beneath a peaceful Dress.
Aw'd with the Terrors of approaching Death,
Which I assur'd 'em was to be their Doom,
With one Consent they joyn'd in your Design.
Arsam. Oh, thou hast given my drooping Courage Wings,
And I could soar above *Olympus'* Top,
And challenge Heav'n itself. My generous Friend,
Fly and inform 'em that I straitway joyn 'em;
Haste, and whole Kingdoms shall repay thy Care.
[*Exit* Consp.

Enter Euryone.

Eury. The Queen commands your Presence instantly.
Perhaps to crown your mighty Services,
And give your lov'd *Artesia* to your Arms.
Arsam. Curse on thy taunting Tongue. But I'll away. [*Aside.*
The Wise still guard their Fates, and act their Will
Unseen, as Lightning scorches up the Heart,
Yet leaves no outward Mark. [*Exit.*
Eury. Why go, vain Wretch,
Leap headlong down the Precipice of Fate,
And meet the Punishment thy Guilt deserves.

Enter Olympia, *attended.*

Olym. Did you command *Arsamnes* to attend me?
Eury. Yonder he goes. Would you I call him back?
Olym. No, let him go; for old *Phraortes* sake
He yet shall live. Was ever such a Villain!
Thus to betray his Father, then thus wrongly
Accuse the guiltless Prince, that royal Youth
Whose Honour clear as unpolluted Light,
Sets forth the Foulness of his Deeds to view.
Go, bid the fair *Artesia* to attend me.
But let her now dismiss her tender Fears,
I'll make her happy thro' my own Distress. [*Exit* Eury.
Now I shall dye contented; the black Thoughts
Of her sad Doom had made me fear to dye.
Bless'd be *Phraortes'* Hand that sav'd her Life;
My Soul now rises to a fairer Prospect,
And Death no more seems dreadful to my View;
But, like a Stream, thro' which I am to pass,
From all these Sorrows to transporting Joys.
Now then I'll wing me to those Worlds unknown,
Where, after Death, the wandring Shades retire:
Whether they glow with an immortal Bloom,
Above yon golden Stars, or soft-reclin'd
On purple Clouds, look down with kind Compassion
On frail Mortality; or, in fair Choirs
Glide thro' fresh-flow'ring Groves, and fragrant Vales,
Where brighter Skies unfold a purer Dye,
And Songs of Joy improve the blissful Hours.

Enter Artesia *and* Euryone.

Arte. O great *Olympia!* O most mighty Queen!
Since you've express'd such Joy to find me safe,
And call'd me back to Court, O farther yet
Extend your royal Mercy, nor deny me
To sooth my royal Lord amidst his Sorrows,
To raise his Head, that now perhaps lies low

On

On the cold Ground.

Olym. Art thou that happy Fair,
Who charm'dst the young *Pallantus* from these Arms?
And dar'st to be the Rival of a Queen
In Empire and in Love? Nay, do not weep.
Go to his Breast, and sooth him with thy Love,
And may a royal Offspring crown your Bed,
Great and Majestic as their god-like Father,
Soft and prevailing as their Mother's Charms.
I shall be wedded too; to one, alas,
For whom I ne'er shall know a jealous Fear.
One that shall ever love me, and distill
His chaste cold Kisses on my Tasteless Lips.
And tho' no Roses deck our bridal Bed,
Pale Yew shall rise, and Cypress flourish round;
Fit Garlands for th' attending Virgins Brows!
For fragrant Pine, the sable Torch shall blaze,
And monumental Marble form the Chamber.

[*Rests on* Euryone.

Arte. Alas, she sinks beneath her pressing Woes!
Olympia, best and greatest of thy Sex,
Still my Superior, even in Misery!
How my Heart shudders at thy various Ills,
Ills that my fatal Form drew down upon thee!

Olym. Say'st thou! And can'st thou pity my Distress?
Generous Return for all the Wrongs thou'st born!
Thy Death design'd! Transcendent, generous Maid!
Oh hadst thou known with what convulsive Pangs
My wild Breast labour'd when I spoke thy Death!
I said, and thought, and did I know not what;
I might as well in the conflicting Passion
Have pierc'd this Bosom, and blasphem'd the Gods,
Who made *Pallantus* deaf to Love like mine.
But now lose every Care, thy softer Hours
Shall smile with Love and ever-young Delight.
Sorrow shall vanish like a hideous Dream.
The brave *Pallantus* shall be now thy own;
He, whom the Heav'ns have crown'd with ev'ry Grace.

Persia's

Persia's sole Boast; the Theme of every Tongue,
The Heroe's Glory, and the Virgin's Wish.
Art. Oh give the Word, and bid the Chains drop off.
Olym. Even now he comes, attended by *Axartes*,
With Guards, from Prison; whither my head-strong Rage
Unjustly doom'd him. Hail his safe Return;
Go, but conceal your Transports from my Sight,
Lest even yet I blast you in your Pride ——
[*Ex.* Art. *and* Eur.
—*Cleora*, tell me, are the Drugs prepar'd
As I commanded? Why, with silent Grief
Look'st thou thus on me? Think'st thou I will live
Beneath these Ills? Wouldst thou behold thy Mistress
Insulted, triumph'd o'er? Alas, *Cleora*,
That never shall be. I have seen the Time
When all the Scepters of the World were thrown
Beneath my Feet, when youthful Princes came
Crowding my Courts, and woo'd me to their Love.
Heroes, who draw their Lineage from the Gods,
And bow'd reluctant Nations to their Yoke.
But O vain Thought, how are my Honours lost!
My Beauties scorn'd, and my great Name despis'd!
Cle. O lay aside this terrible Design.
Olymp. Thou plead'st in vain. I cannot think of Life.
Or if I should, Nature would mock the Thought.
Anguish and Pain have almost worn me out,
I soon should die o' course. The friendly Draught
Will only hasten the Approach of Death,
And spare my ling'ring here, 'midst all these Torments.
Hark whence that Noise? Perhaps *Pallantus* comes.
I will not see him; lead to my Apartment. [*Exe.*

Enter Eumenes *and* Conspirators.

Eum. This Way she went, I'll in and stab her now.
Here fix your Stand, and if my Purpose fail,
Secure a sure Retreat. The Guards without
Will second your Attempt. Is there a Heart
Among

Among us all that droops? can there be such,
When everlasting Glory is the Prize?

Enter Conspirator.

Consp. My Lord, my Lord, prepare for your Defence:
'Tis lost, all lost again. As fierce *Arsamnes*
Ran on *Pallantus* 'midst the Houshold Guards,
Returning with *Axartes* from the Prison,
Furious as Lions on th' invading Hounds,
They rush'd and bore *Arsamnes*, spite of all
His Strength to Ground; who, to secure his Life,
Told your Designs to slay the Queen, the Prince,
And brave *Axartes*; which when he had heard,
Axartes flew to guard *Olympia*'s Life:
The rest, just vanquish'd by the Prince's Valour,
Maintain a feeble Fight.

Eum. Confusion! Hell!

Consp. Hark, here he comes.

Enter Axartes *and Guards.*

Axar. Thanks to the bounteous Gods,
Who give *Axartes*' Arm to be the Scourge
Of Treachery like thine.

Eum. I scorn thy Threats.
Bear up, and think on Death or Victory. [*To* Consp.
Whilst I've an Arm and Sword I scorn thy Pow'r;
Dare fight thee, wer't thou mounted on a Whirlwind,
And arm'd with tripple Thunder.

Axar. Guard thy Life then.

[*Fight*; Axartes's *Party defeat the Conspirators*; *and* Eumenes *is disarm'd.*

Eum. Curse on my feeble, unperforming Arm!
Thus to be baffl'd! Oh that I could breathe
Blue pestilential Sores, or smouldring Fires,
To blast thee in my Wrath!

Axar. Perfidious Wretch!

Hence,

Hence, bear 'em off, and bind them fast with Chains,
'Till the Queen's Will be known [*They are led off.*

Enter Euryone.

Eur. Axartes, dost thou live! My Lord, my Husband!
O let me view thee o'er! He's safe, he lives
Safe and secure! O Ecstasy of Joy!

Axar. Thou greatest Blessing of *Axartes'* Life,
Come to my Arms, and charm with thy Love!
Surely the Gods, in Pity to thy Virtues,
Inclin'd the Queen to pardon my Offences,
Oh, I have much to say; all full of Joy;
But Fate opposes now, the Prince engag'd
In Fight, demands my Sword.

Eur. What, part so soon!

Enter Mirza.

Mir. Now, now, O *Persia*, who so late didst raise
Thy tow'ring Head supreme above the Nations;
Bend thy fair Neck to Earth, and low in Dust
Lament thy humbled State.

Axar. Whence all this Sorrow?

Mir. 'Tis past in Heav'n, already it is seal'd
In Fate's eternal Volume. O the Prince!

Axar. Ha! What! O speak, and satisfy my Doubts.

Mir. Scarce had you left us, when the Fight encreas'd
With thicker Tumult round the royal Youth.
Who, all-collected in himself, oppos'd
His single Arm against a Troop of Foes,
That hedg'd him in, and scatter'd Deaths around.
His Friends, who saw his sacred Life in Danger,
Broke thro' the Bands, and rush'd to his Relief.
But O too late!
We found him pierc'd with many a griezly Wound,
Spent, conquer'd, 'midst his Conquest. Lo this Way
His mournful Guards conduct him slowly on,
As his Life-blood flows fast thro' every Wound.

Axar. Gods, cruel Gods!

Mir.

Mir. *Artsamnes* begg'd in vain
To shun the Fate his Guilt had drawn upon him,
But fell a Victim to his Royal Rage.
I saw him stretch'd upon the bloody Ground,
Horrid in Death. Fast by him stood *Phraortes*,
Smote with his wither'd Hand his aged Breast,
And threw out Curses on his guilty Son.

Enter Pallantus *supported*, *Guards*, &c.

Pallan. O where's *Artesia?* Is *Olympia* safe?
Axar. I came to her Relief: *Eumenes* seiz'd,
Groans now in Chains, and waits the Doom of Death.
Pallan. Oh where's *Artesia!* Haste, conduct her to me,
That I may view her yet, before I die,
And breathe my Soul in Tenderness before her.
Mir. She rages even to Madness. When she found
The Dangers where you stood, thrice she attempted
To rush into the Tumults; thence with-held,
She fainted thrice into her Virgins Arms.
Pallan. Did she! Alas, then keep her from my Sight:
I should not bear to have her see me thus.
The piteous Sight would pierce her Heart too deeply:
I should not bear to hear her sad Complainings:
'Twould add more Terror to the Pains of Death,
And sharpen all the Pangs I feel already.
Eury. See, see, my Lord, she comes!

Enter Artesia *hastily*; *seeing* Pallantus, *she stops short.*

Arte. *Pallantus!*
Pallan. Oh!
Axar. Lo how he stands, like the distressful Image
Of pale Despair upon a Monument,
Gazing with stoney Eyes on the dumb Form
Of Sorrow. Silence most significant!
Pallan. Why do I live to touch thy Heart so nearly?
Oh were I laid at Peace within my Tomb,
Rather than meet thee thus, thus cold in Death,
Thus helpless, hopeless, miserable thus!

Why

Why doſt thou gaze thus ſteadily upon me?
O much I fear'd this laſt ſad Interview!

Arte. This laſt, alas! And muſt we meet no more?
Alas, no more! Thoſe Wounds, that guſhing Blood,
That Face juſt pale in Death, thoſe languid Eyes,
All, all at once pronounce the fatal Sound.
Barbarians, Monſters, where was all your Pity?
Was human Nature rooted from your Breaſts?
Could nothing but my dear *Pallantus'* Blood
'Swage your dire Thirſt? Why did your curſed Faulchions
Cruelly ſpare to pierce *Arteſia's* Breaſt.
Alas, ye know my Life was wrapt in his!
That every Wound you gave his manly Boſom
Struck thro' my Heart.

Pallan. O Miracle of Love!
Thou only Joy, and only Care I've left;
What Pangs I ſuffer, if my Wounds had Tongues,
I could employ 'em all to ſay. To dye and leave thee!
Oh 'tis too much! Not the pale quivering Wretch
Who, fix'd upon a Rack, ſees yet alive
His bleeding Vitals from his Body torn,
Feels half ſuch Torture.— Oh — relentleſs Heav'n!
The Pangs of Death grow fiercer every Moment,
And now I ſink away. O ſpeak and charm me
With thy dear Voice once more before I dye.

Arte. Oh, I've a thouſand, thouſand things to ſay.
Ah, ſtay and hear 'em all. Love, Death, Deſpair,
Preſent ten thouſand mournful Images,
And fill up all my Thoughts. Alas, alas,
What can I ſpeak? E'en now my ſtiffening Tongue
Cleaves to my Mouth, my chilling Blood runs cold.
O take me with thee, I'm reſolv'd to dye.
I cannot, will not live.

Pallan. Thou may'ſt live yet.

Arte. Doſt thou then think I can ſurvive thy Fall!
Unkind *Pallantus!* Could'ſt thou turn thy Eyes
Into my Heart, ſurely thou would'ſt not think ſo.

Pallan.

Pallan. Alas, I know not what. When I survey thee,
Thou loveliest Image of distressful Beauty!
I ought to wish thou would'st not think on Death.
Yet thou art young, in the full Pride of Beauty;
Strive to forget that e'er *Pallantus* was.
Thou may'st be happy yet. Mercileſs Heav'n,
Why could not both be so?

Arte. And since both cannot ———

Pallan. I know what thou would'st say. Most greatly thought.

Arte. We'll be together wretched. 'Tis but that.
I've born all Pains and Pleasures with thee yet,
And shall I prove a Coward at the last?
'Tis but to die, and that I freely will.

Pallan. Amazing Virtue! But a Soul like thine,
Thus pure and innocent, thus still prepar'd,
May —— oh! [*Dies.*

Arte. Dead, dead! Alas! And do I live?
Pallantus, O *Pallantus!* Rage and Madness!
Snatch me ye Whirlwinds, bear me far away;
Cover me, Mountains; open wide, O Earth;
Take me for ever, hide me in thy Bosom.

Eury. How the strong Sorrows labour at her Heart!

Arte. Soft, lo he comes! he beckons me away!
Heav'ns, how looks; how fair! Eternal Youth
Sits on his glowing Face, his balmy Locks
Distill ambrosial Sweets; a purple Robe
Waves from his Neck, redundant on the Ground:
And lo his Arm extends a rosy Wreath
To bind my Temples. See, I come, I come!
Waft me, ye winged Winds, into his Bosom.

[*Offers to catch a Sword, is prevented, then sinks away.*

Eury. Haste and convey her from the mournful Object. [*Is born off.*

Mir. I'll to the Queen and tell this fatal News. [*Exit.*

Axar. *Euryone*, was ever Day like this!
Was ever Pomp of Misery so great!
The wretched Fate of these unhappy Lovers

Has

Has so possess'd my Thoughts, that I can scarce
Reflect upon the Snares ourselves have 'scap'd.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. O fatal Sight! Is it then come to pass!
Unhappy Prince; yet in thy Fall reveng'd!
Since those who sought thy Life are sent already
To wait thee to the Shades.
Eury. Behold the Queen.
Heaven guard her Life, and falsify my Fears.

Enter Olympia *supported.*

Olym. O bear me to him. Ha! art thou, art thou
What was *Pallantus?* Is this, is this, alas,
All that is left of the most lov'd of Men?
Ah hapless Youth! Yet thus inanimate,
Shall I be soon; thy Part'ner in the Grave.
I thought to have left thee in the full Possession
Of all thy Soul held dear: But since 'tis thus,
I'll leave the World with double Pomp of Woe;
Here will I kneel. [*Kneels by the Body.*
Eury. Ah, Madam, is your Life———
Olym. Peace, I am not at leisure now to lose
A Thought on that. An aweful Melancholly
Broods o'er my Mind. If thou would'st speak to me,
Talk of Despair, and Death, and groaning Ghosts,
That glide thro' deary Vaults, and make their Moan
At Midnight o'er some solitary Tomb.
Behold, and in this fatal Volume read
How vain is Beauty, noble Birth how vain!
And as thou seest me weeping o'er him thus,
Learn to improve thy Mind, nor ask the Gods
Glory or Power, since thou hast seen such Woes
Heap'd on the Head of an afflicted Queen.—
Do you mourn too, that thus you stand around
Like marble Statues fix'd? Your Grief, alas,
Is a meer Mockery, compar'd to mine!
Had you but half my Cause——What Sound was that?
Doleful,

Doleful, and sad, which breaks upon my Ear?
——'Twas the low Murmur of the midnight Echo,
That thro' the lengthen'd Isle breaths back my Groans,
And swells the Melancholy in my Soul.
Death has been busy round us; he has had
A rich Repaste: But thee, ill-fated Youth,
He should have spar'd; and thee he surely would,
In pity to thy Charms and suff'ring Virtue,
If Pity could have touch'd his stony Breast.

Enter Mirza.

Well, is *Artesia* coming with the Garland
To bind her Prince's Brows, which her fair Fingers
Had weav'd? Alas, not for a Use so fatal!

Mir. Madam, th' unhappy Princess is no more.

Olym. Is She too dead!

Mir. Her Sorrows wrought her Death.
When she beheld her royal Lord expire,
Oft she in vain attempted on her Life;
But when her Train had born her from the Coarse,
All sudden to the Ground she sunk away,
Her Body stiffen'd, and the Spoiler Death
Seiz'd on her beauteous Frame.

Olym. Dear hapless Maid, by partial Fate destroy'd!
Oh that I too was dead, and laid at Rest,
Like thee; and surely thus I soon shall be.
Yet, yet whilst I have Life, here let me grow
To this lov'd Youth. Who shall oppose me now?
I've with *Artesia* now an equal Right,
If Death dissolves the matrimonial Band.
This chaste Embrace. And, O much injur'd Youth!
Cease yet a while thy Flight to endless Joys,
And mark th' impartial Justice of the Gods.
Behold thy royal Parents guiltless Blood
Greatly atton'd at length by my Misfortunes,
And the full Ruin of the Murtherer's Race.
One more Embrace: —— my Breath is just suppreſt;
Death swims before me, and I'm now—at rest. [*Dies*

EPILOGUE

Written by a Friend.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

DEAD? — and for Grief! — a pretty Jest, e' gad!
When Husbands dye, for Ladies to run mad.
Faith! 'twere enough if, when the good Man's ill,
We miss a Play, or Party at Quadrille.
But Love shou'd end, when once his Breath is fled:
'Twere monstrous unpolite, to kiss the Dead.
Strange Complaisance! with His to end our Span,
And think no more of that dear Creature Man;
Out vatious Ails to give for ever o'er;
To roll these Eyes, to flirt this Fan no more.
Excuse me, Sirs: If such your Tenets be,
Let who will praise the Marriage-State, for me.
—— Sure, ne'er the like, an hapless Girl befell:
What! have two Lovers? yet lead Apes in Hell?
These bashful Persians *love so awkwardly!*
They only Talk, and Vow their Constancy.
The London *Sparks, are still the Sparks for me!*
Yet did I chuse the Best —— (As you may do,
If ever, Ladies, you have Choice of Two.)
—— As for Olympia *—— 'spight of Matriage Vows,*
She had a mighty Itching for —— my Spouse.

—But

EPILOGUE.

——But hark! I hear a Murmur from the Pit,
Like the grave Tone of some Wife-ridden Cit ——
This Flirt detains us with her Talk so long ——
And I've a Wife has a confounded Tongue.
——To stop her Mouth, e'en tell her This from me,
You came a Scene of mutual Love to see:
And well, to see that Sight, abroad we roam,
Which there's scarce One can boast he sees at Home.

FINIS.